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SEPTEMBER 25 1981

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The ascent out of inhumanity

By Geoffrey Hosking

VASILII AKSYONOV:
Ozhog (The Scorch Mark).

442pp.

Ostrov Krym (The Island of Crimea)

334pp.

Ann Arbor, Michigan: Ardis.

In the West, we are used by now to everyone settling accounts with the illusions of the 1960s, generated by the heady mixture of growing affluence and political idealism. What we may not realize is that the Soviet Union also had its optimistic Sixties generation, children of Stalin's worst years, who came to maturity around the time of the old tyrant's death and experienced young adulthood when democratization, scientific progress and the abjuration of terror seemed to be in the air.

The leading prose writer of this generation was Vasilii Aksyonov. Twenty years ago every journal containing something of his was sold out on the day of publication. His stories were full of the imagery of ears, spert, pep music and space exploration. His heroes dressed in jeans and sneakers, danced rock-and-roll, read Sartre and Salinger, and spoke a smart, westernized argot. Young people tapped all this up, but of course literary conservatives regarded it with the gravest suspicion, as a profanation of the special mission of the Soviet Union and a surrender to the false charms of bourgeois culture. However, for a number of years, the "youth prose" writers like Aksyonov were able to fend them off, and to go on publishing. For one thing, the early 1960s were a period of relative freedom in literature, and young talent was being actively sought and cultivated (how different from today, at the Congress of the Soviet Writers' Union held in July this year, the proportion of delegates under forty years of age was just 3 per cent.). Even more important, for all their surface irreverence, the young people whom Aksyonov and his associates portrayed were not deeply disaffected from Soviet society: their personal revolt was directed to the new and creative, and it usually ended with rededication to the building of socialism, conceived in the new

post-Stalin spirit - a socialism replete with beat music, spunkies, transistor radios and very possibly (since "convergence" was also in the air) even Coca-Cola.

From the mid-1960s onwards, this vision began to fade. The crushing of the "Prague spring" in 1968 brutally symbolized its passing, but in fact the process was a gradual one. The literary bureaucrats became less and less inclined to publish Aksyonov and his brethren. One reason for this - though not the only one - was that "youth prose" itself had developed: notes of individual revolt, experimentation and subjectivity were becoming stronger, the ultimate rededication to socialism fainter. In Aksyonov's own work, the hoped-for goal of a warm and brotherly society took on more stylized and metaphorical forms. Rather than make any explicit political statements (in which by then he certainly did not believe) he focused his stories round subjective, often unexpected images of hope and promise: a star-spangled sky seen in the shaft of a tall building (in *Zvezdnyi bilet* [Ticket to the Stars], 1961), a shipload of oranges delivered at a Far Eastern port (in *Apel'siny iz Marokko* [Oranges from Morocco], 1963), or a lorry load of empty barrel casings (in *Zaovremennyya bezkornost* [Excess Barrel Casings], 1968). These images, subjective, indeed arbitrary in appearance, changed and grew with almost baroque exuberance, while the fantasies of Aksyonov's individual characters crystallized around them, till they became beacons in the common quest for light, love and beauty. Concordant with this many-faceted subjectivity, Aksyonov began to experiment with his narrative viewpoint, recounting his tales through the eyes of more than one character, flashing backwards and forwards in time, allowing dream and fantasy to merge with reality, and so on. In the process he rediscovered some of the high experimental tradition of Russian prose of the 1910s and 1920s (buried under the rubble of Socialist Realism, but just being partly republished for the first time): Bely, Zamyatin, Babel, Pil'nyak, Zoshchenko.

Less and less of all this, however, was actually getting published. By the early 1970s, apart from the occasional short story and a pot-boiler on the revolutionary movement, nothing was appearing at all. An uninformed, or even moderately informed, reader might have been forgiven for assuming that Aksyonov had given up writing altogether.

In fact, of course, nothing of the kind had happened. He was actually writing a great deal. More than that, he was reflecting on what was going on around him, and refashioning his new techniques as a tool for describing it. We now have the results before us. *Ozhog*, written between 1968 and 1975, is nothing less than the testimony of Aksyonov and his generation, a panorama of their hopes, their illusions and disillusion, and of the spiritual reappraisal which political and aesthetic reaction forced upon them.

The great paradox of the bright and optimistic "youth" generation was that their childhoods coincided with the darkest era of Stalin's Russia. Aksyonov's father died in the Gulag, Artyom Ginzburg, spent no less than eighteen years in its darkest regions (her testimony, *Into the Whirlwind* and *Within the Whirlwind*, is a classic account which will already be familiar to many Western readers). Young Vasilii himself was brought up in Magadan, the port town where loads of prisoners were daily discharged from the slave ships that had brought them from the "mainland" of Soviet Russia. Yet one would guess none of this from reading Aksyonov's early work. The barbed wire of Kolyma is as remote to his long-haired youngsters as it was to Ange March or Lucky Jim.

Why did he choose to ignore his childhood in this way? Was it fear of the censorship which moved him to repress memories of Magadan? (But Solzhenitsyn published *Ivan Denisovich* in the Soviet Union just when Aksyonov was at the height of his popularity.) Or was it rather that he sincerely believed and hoped that the Stalin terror had now been securely consigned to the past by the Party and could not be revived, so that it was both proper and life-affirming to

turn one's attention to the promise of the future? Or did he simply deliberately repress unpleasant memories?

Whatever may be the truth, the invasion of Czechoslovakia made it finally clear that the past was not dead, that it was very much alive, not only in memory, but also in political reality. For that reason, perhaps, one of the principal themes of *Ozhog* is the rediscovery of the cruel father. The novel imaginatively re-creates a generation's attempt to come to terms with this father figure (whom in their youth they had tried to see as benevolent), and their search for a new creative starting point. The narrator is a collective personality, at one and the same time writer, sculptor, jazz musician, surgeon and scholar: five individuals sharing the same patronymic. In token of their common paternity. The experiences of the five constitute a ly interwoven and, even more important, they share the same childhood, that of an orphaned Jewish boy in post-war Magadan. This boy, Tolya von Shtetnbok, who sees his mother treated and his best friend savagely beaten up by the security police, is, as it were, the collective begotten of the 1960s "youth" movement. The novel follows, spiritually rather than chronologically, the evolution of his generation.

The first of its three parts shows youth culture during the 1970s having its final drunken fling, the hope and warmth degenerating into lawdry promiscuity and betrayal. This part is much too long for the overall balance of the novel, a sign perhaps of the regret with which the author parts from his youthful illusions and allows the return of the repressed. At separate moments in the crowded texture the five Apollinar'eviches dimly recognize in a cloakroom attendant, a chance passer-by or a hospital orderly the state security captain who had beaten up their friend so many years before. This shadow from the past gradually takes shape as Captain Cheptsov, who then plays a key role in the second, retrospective, section of the novel, situated in childhood Magadan. In this inferno, however, there are not only evil spirits, but also potential figures of grace: the religious step-

father, who captures Tolya's imagination by the calm steadiness of his faith, and the young girl, Alice, the helpless female figure whom Tolya tries to shield from the cruelty of the camp guards. In the third part, back in the 1970s, the five Apollinar'eviches try to find their way forward in a world where these harbingers of both damnation and redemption now play a full part.

This third part, in contrast to the first, is underdeveloped, and its insights are hesitant and contradictory. Aksyonov is entering new territory here, and his step is uncertain. Probably, like Tolya and his co-personae, he is tempted by the desire to lapse back into the old familiar roles of the "normal" Zhidnovite world, to which they have all been brought up. After all, their youthful beliefs were ostensibly guaranteed by the dedication of the father-Party to technological progress and the building of a better society. The desire not to recognize the cruel father is very strong. Young Tolya at school in Magadan desperately wants to be like any other schoolboy, to excel at sport and win his colleagues' admiration - in effect to be "a middle-rank slave, like everyone else". His mother's arrest is distressing to him because it threatens to put him in a special category, to demote him to the status of "slave of the lowest category".

In the company of his stepfather, however, even in this nadir, he discovers "a whiff of freedom, of risk, of alienation from this world", which is a source of spiritual release. He is torn between the two worlds. The good stepfather and Captain Cheptsov struggle for the soul of his generation.

On the surface the bores and philistines appear to triumph, the types whom Zoshchenko discovered and chronicled, before being crushed by one of them, Stalin's cultural henchman, Zhdanov, in 1946. "The boor of the communal apartments complained his ascent, attained to the dream of his nightmare nights - the general's epaulettes - armed himself with the lenses of common sense and joined the angelic host of the television stars." Thus Aksyonov on the Stalinists' assumption of power in only evil spirits, but also potential figures of grace: the religious step-

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also a measure of subjective ascent, as Aksyonov admits in one of his most haunting insights. "Even as we giggled over Zoshchenko's little monkey and wrote out Akhmatova's verses for our girls, even then deep down - yes, deep down - we were convinced of the normality of Zhdanov's world and of the abnormality, sickness and shamefulness of Zoshchenko's." Small wonder, then, that as the clock began to turn back in the mid-Sixties, many literary figures resorted to the compromises and even betrayals which Aksyonov portrays in the first part of *Ozlog*.

Yet, even as their sown resumes, the evil fathers themselves go through a strange evolution. Captain Chepstov, now retired, looks after a bed-ridden, helpless woman whom he had reduced to a mental wreck in the days of his power, and then subsequently married. He becomes the lover of his stepdaughter (herself apparently a reincarnation of Tolya's Alice) and shields her dissemination of appeals on behalf of Sakharov and the human rights movement. He goes through a process of remorse, despair and self-injury to be saved through the application of a life-giving chair invented by the medical Apollo-Archon. He even makes his final appearance as a Chinese philosopher proclaiming a God of love.

These transmutations appear somewhat arbitrary - indeed, to be honest, I think they are - but they point towards a fundamental feature of *Ozlog*, the dissolving of opposites in a warm dialectical bath of human intimacy. Intimacy of all kinds, good and bad. The intimacy of a society where the great majority of the population live cheek by jowl in communal apartments, and where every tenth citizen is reporting to the authorities on the other nine. The intimacy also of sexual promiscuity: readers of Aksyonov's earlier novels will be struck by the varied and vivid sexual imagery which he now employs. This is partly the liberation of western publication, of course, but it is wholly justified by his vision of the world. The relation of the informer to his "object", for example, is portrayed in a verse improvisation which might be called *The Informer's Rhapsody*:

When he entered the room, everything within me trembled.
Oh, my idol, my love, my homely Russian sweetheart!
Were I a woman, I would have inseparable in your loins!
You hitches, you spies in skirts, away from my noble eagle!
Why, oh why are the organs so inactive?

Yet this intimacy of the damned bears the potentiality of something better. When Chepstov becomes his stepdaughter's lover, he takes the decision not to denounce her human rights activities to the authorities, and in this way he begins his strange ascent out of inhumanity. Alice in her various reincarnations is reunited with her various lovers in relationships of both passion and compassion. Aksyonov's pervasive sexual imagery is in fact part of the repertoire by which he imparts to all human relationships a touch of both the diabolic and the angelic.

He is clearly also drawn by the field of religious experience, both as a source of imagery and of ultimate hope. Like, however, he is out of his depth. Like so many contemporary Soviet (or newly ex-Soviet) writers, he has a strong feeling of the need for religious belief, but, cut off by two generations of atheist upbringing from any regular ecclesiastical tradition, he only gropes blindly around in a new territory that *Ozlog* ends with the entire traffic of Moscow halting in the streets in the expectation of a great revelation - whose contents, however, are not disclosed to us.

Ozlog is a rich and many-sided work, the product of self-examination as well as literary experimentation. It exhibits its author's weaknesses as well as his strengths, but as a whole it is the creation of a powerful literary imagination seeking a way forwards in the spiritual maelstrom of 1970s Moscow.

By comparison, *Ostrov Krym*, though a later work, is much less problematic. It is a fable, one might almost say an "entertainment". The core of its fantasy is indicated already in the title: the Crimea is no

longer a peninsula but an island, cut off from the Russian mainland and miraculously saved by the Whites in 1920. This is not quite such an unlikely proposition as might be imagined, since in fact the Whites, even on the actually existing peninsula, did as a matter of historical fact hang on in 1920 for a year longer than anywhere else in Russia and indeed set up an embryonic parliamentary democracy, potentially very different from the military dictatorships they had installed elsewhere. At any rate, in Aksyonov's version the Crimea has become a fully-fledged Westernized society, with the full range of political parties (including the lunatic and terrorist fringes), a free press, advertising, motorways, and the latest in fashion and pop music.

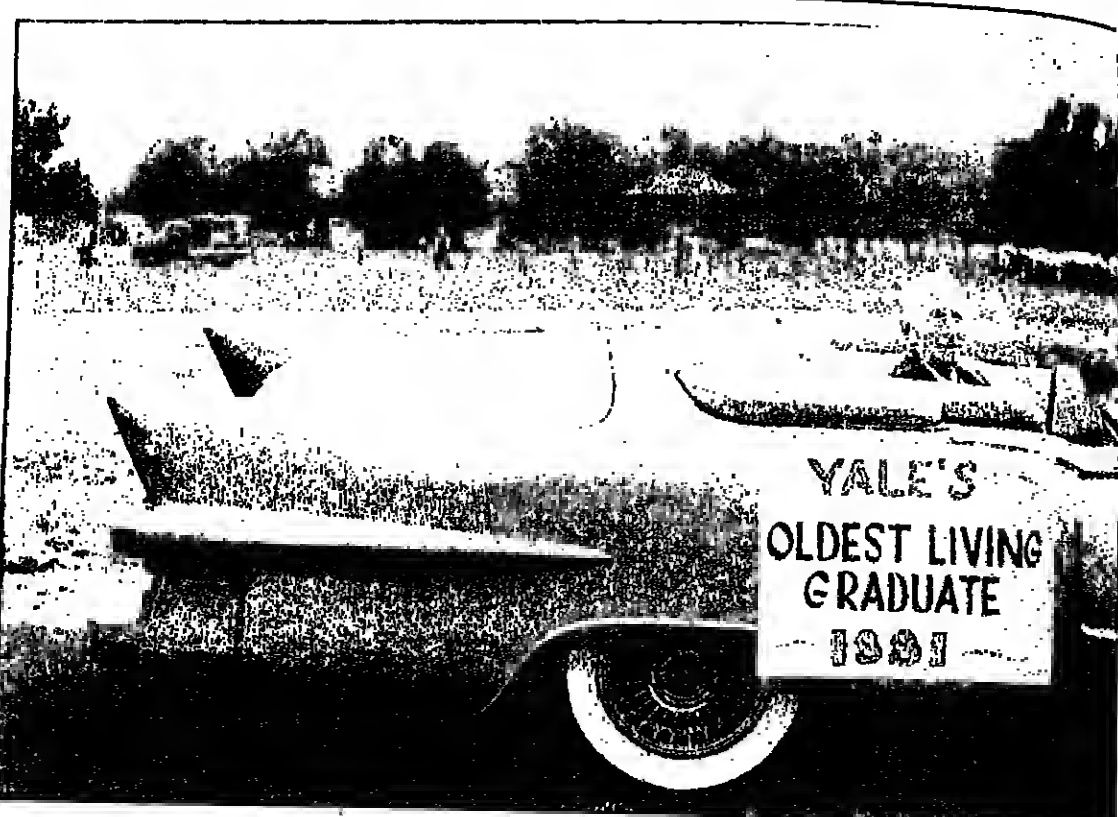
This conceit enables Aksyonov to indulge his favourite fantasy, a setting which is wholly Russian yet also cosmopolitan. The glossy consumerism of the West coalesces with the slummy unattractiveness of Moscow. Aksyonov, of course, loves both. So does his hero, Andrei Luchnikov, who conjures from the mixture the idea of a Common Fate, the reunion of the Crimea with Soviet Russia, not, as the Whites once dreamed, by military reconquest, but on the contrary by requesting incorporation as the sixteenth Soviet republic. He puts his influential newspaper at the service of the idea and initiates a political campaign to get it realized.

Luchnikov embodies a number of types from the present and recent past of both Russia and the West. He is in part the young Russian expatriate who reacts against the anti-Sovietism of his parents and asserts his Russian identity by seeking reabsorption in the fatherland (there were quite a number of them during and after the Second World War, and they finished up in Stalin's labour camps). He is the Western intellectual, usually but not necessarily socialist in outlook, who idealizes the brotherliness of the Russian people, even while harbouring no illusions about the nature of the Soviet political system. He is the political romantic who, in reaction against the superficiality of the Western public media and consumer market, seeks affirmation in self-sacrifice. Would it be fair also to suggest that Aksyonov is, among other things, seeking through Luchnikov to understand and exorcise his own earlier obsessions? At any rate, Luchnikov's highly coloured career, divided between journalism, motor-racing, politics and women, has much in common with that of Aksyonov's earlier characters.

To achieve his aim, Luchnikov puts the whole barrage of public relations at the service of his campaign. He veils the truth about Soviet society, appeals to people's yearning for brotherhood and nationalism, to their idealism and capacity for self-sacrifice. By a superb piece of irony, his principal opponent is Kuzenkov, the very Soviet official who is responsible for advising the Party Central Committee on Crimean matters. For very high-ranking apparatchiks, the Crimea has become a much-valued holiday retreat from the dreary reality back at home, and Kuzenkov is no exception. Such is his affection for the decadent, disreputable but enjoyable ways of the West that in the end he is prepared to do almost anything to prevent the Sovietization of the Crimea.

He is unsuccessful, however. Old habits prevail, and brutality wins out over subtlety and diplomacy. Even when the Crimean population votes in a referendum for incorporation into the homeland, the Soviet leadership can imagine no gentler way of implementing reunification than by direct military occupation. The Crimean population, on the other hand, long shielded against reality by the advertising world and the media, observe their enslavement on the "telly" without realizing what is happening: they imagine the sight of Red Army soldiers smashing the TV cameras is just another public relations gimmick.

As a whole, *Ostrov Krym* bears the marks of a year Aksyonov spent in America, in 1975. The setting provides the opportunity for a satirical survey of both Soviet and Western



Photography, according to Elliott Erwitt, a selection of whose work appears in *World Photography*, edited by Bryn Campbell (320pp, Hamlyn, £15.00 0 600 37244 8), is "simply a function of noticing things, no more". This refreshingly unpretentious view of his art has borne fruit in notably witty and acutely observed pictures, such as that of a glumly nude middle-aged couple knitting and sipping coffee on a garden bench, or a Magritte-like juxtaposition of two photographs of deckchairs on a deserted promenade - the first, showing them occupied by an equally dissociated couple, the second blowing empty in the wind. The occupant of the baroque chariot above was photographed in 1955. See also cover picture.

outlooks and life-styles. Its satire is relatively good-humoured, as if the author felt more at ease with his generation and his own past experience than when writing *Ozlog*. All the same, it is obviously meant as a warning, certainly to us, perhaps to himself too.

These two novels, *Ozlog* and *Ostrov Krym*, are certainly the most significant works Aksyonov has yet published. He has surmounted the superficiality of many of his early publications without losing his literary touch, indeed while enhancing it. With their appearance, he becomes a Western as well as a Russian writer (the term *émigré* seems inappropriate, in view of the intense Soviet-rootedness of what he writes). Like most (though not quite all) of the best Soviet writers, he has expanded his creativity and self-awareness to a point where they have become incompatible with continued membership of the Writers' Union, or even, apparently, with continued citizenship of the Soviet Union. In the summer of 1980 he left his homeland, and shortly afterwards was deprived of his citizenship. His final literary act had been the attempt to publish an almanac, *Metropol*, in which the current generation of young writers could publish as he had been published twenty years earlier. That was the last straw, evidently, for the literary bureaucrats. The losers are Aksyonov's Soviet readers, and, ultimately, the Writers' Union itself. On the evidence of these two books, Aksyonov will now reach, and be appreciated by, an international audience.

The first of Tusholsky's writings I ever read was a minuscule piece called "At Last the Truth about Remarque". It purports to be a résumé of a magazine article in

which the facts of Remarque's career are to be revealed for the first time and the author of *In Western Nights* is exposed as a new draft-dodger who never came within a hundred miles of the enemy. Remarque, it is disclosed, is a Jew, and his life a series of ludicrous and discreditable escapades, some of which deserve the attention of the Public Prosecutor. This degraded figure is then contrasted with the noble German whom, in *In Western Nights*, he has slandered.

The target of the satire is, of course, its ostensible author, and beyond him, the German nationalist Right and its ghastly prejudices. But its most immediately obvious quality is that it is funny, and this takes the edge from the "satire", whose victim is thus made to seem perhaps comically ridiculous and harmless but certainly not hateful or loathsome. To make a comparison with the greatest of English satires, Tusholsky is here at the stage of the Voyage to Lilliput.

Did he ever voyage further? Sometimes, perhaps, the quotation Mr. Grenville gives from *Schloss Gripsholm* certainly depicts the Yahoos at play. But not, I think, typically; and the reason is that he was not a good hater; his sense of humour kept getting in the way of hatred.

So did that part of him which Mr. Grenville seems to have singled out as his most prominent and has called "the ironic sentimentalist". This phrase is quite accurate, and it places Tusholsky in the company to which he rightly belongs: not that of Swift but that of Heine - another journalist whose "preoccupation with politics" . . . denied him the peace of mind "to produce a large work, and who would have liked to have been the scourge of the German conscience but was too witty and human, and possessed too large an understanding of his intended victim, to be able to lay on the lash with anything resembling fury.

There may be some disagreement here as to what really constitutes satire; some of the passages from Tusholsky which Mr. Grenville quotes under the rubric "The Practice of Satire" seem not satirical at all but unambiguous denunciations of abuses. For the rest, however, Tusholsky be read and taken seriously should not be granted, even if only because anyone who reads Tusholsky is doing himself a favour.

The lenient lash

By R. J. Hollingdale

BRYAN P. GRENVILLE:
Kurt Tusholsky
The Ironic Sentimentalist
Edited by R. W. Last
124pp, Oswald Wolff, £4.25.
0 85496 074 0

"The great satirist", Bryan Grenville begins, "is the guilty conscience of his age". If this is so, it would explain why Kurt Tusholsky must probably be called something other than a great satirist. He had too great a sense of humour and was too good-natured to be anything as awesome, unbending and unpleasant as the guilty conscience of his age.

Too high claims are made on his behalf in this informative and very readable study: he is "the greatest satirist at work in Germany during the years of the Weimar Republic", and is later advanced to "Germany's most prominent twentieth-century satirist" and "the conscience of Germany". This is a pity, because to contest such claims seems to imply a denigration which Tusholsky certainly does not deserve.

The first of Tusholsky's writings I ever read was a minuscule piece called "At Last the Truth about Remarque". It purports to be a résumé of a magazine article in

Gas Lamp

In old downtown Boston down on Milk Street, up two flights, near the gas lamp, the dark tailor nervously waits for the midwife. August heat has worn the woman out. Amid the squalor she looks around the bed, clutching a cap she brought from London as a child. It's down and dirty. The dark tailor wants to escape to his toy shop. The woman's shafts are drawn below her waist. She isn't hollaring now; her eyes are dark and still; blood on her thumbs. Her name is Sarah. No I'm guessing. How, uttold, am I to know? Hot day has worn into the room. The midwife finally comes. It's 1893. Sarah dies. My father's born.

Willis Barnstone

Dimensions of dissent

By Kenneth O. Morgan

SIMON HUGHART AND DAVID LEIGH:
Michael Foot: a Portrait
216pp, Hodder and Stoughton, £8.95
(paperback, £4.95).
0 340 27680 2

These are not the best of times for a historical assessment of Michael Foot. Now, more than ever, he resembles a beleaguered prophet, born a century out of his time. His party is disintegrating around him; the Praetorian guard of the left treats his leadership with the same undemocratic contempt that they showed for right-wing figures like Gaitskell in the past. The forthcoming Labour Party conference could be Foot's Gehasman, as August 1914 was for Keir Hardie, the cruel end not only to one remarkable career, but to an ancient tradition of popular dissent which began at Putney in 1647 and spluttered out at Wembley in 1981. It is all too easy to anticipate the journalists' interpretation already crystallizing to sum up the life and times of Michael Foot. Some years ago, Peter Jenkins wrote a memorable account in the *Guardian* of Foot gyrating at the Commons dispatch box, his hair untidy, his collar askew, his manner Thespian and his few words wrong. He seemed the very embodiment of Labour as permanent opposition, the natural heir of such Ishmaels as Hardie and Lansbury, not so much an Anabaptist as a Renier, nourishing the "red flame of socialist courage" in the doctrinal purity of the wilderness, but with scant gifts of constructive thought or creative statesmanship. More than most of his contemporaries, Michael Foot has been taken as the paradigm of Aneurin Bevan's political virgins. He symbolizes, apparently, the apollonian of the Labour left in all its gesticulating utility, the supreme personification of a party (to adopt Churchill's jibe of sixty years ago) uniquely unfit to govern.

Yet it is clear that Foot's career is vastly more complicated than that. As is well known, he is a man of immense personal charm, courtesy and attractiveness, a figure of wit and wit and integrity. He is an admirable representative of that very English tradition of eccentricity (often linked with upper Hampstead) that has so often forced its erratic way to the top in British politics. More important, he embodies a powerful creative thrust of populist radicalism that has been constant in British public life for almost two centuries (certainly more so than the soggy, consensus-centrism which is sometimes thought to reflect the name of its creator, Harold Wilson, and the political genius of Foot's role in the British dissenting tradition is a complex one, and so is his career. A man who identifies both with the Levellers and Cromwell, with the Whigs and the Nonconformists, with Swift and Hazlitt, who uses the style of Tory Democrats such as Disraeli, Lord Randolph Churchill or Beaverbrook to propel himself to the leadership of the inchoate forces of the British left, is clearly multidimensional, full of the ambiguities of an English heritage of popular protest that partisans both on the left and the right too often oversimplify to the point of parody. Again, for an instinctive "trouble-maker", a most elitist gadfly, Foot is not a natural resident of the wilderness. He comes from a regional background and a family born to rule, a dissenting West-Country Hatfield, as John Vincent has shrewdly pointed out. He has usually been a political realist, like his mentors Cripps and Bevan, never a fellow-traveller nor a pacifist, throwing in his lot at decisive moments in his career with the mainstream of a Labour Party aspiring for power rather than with a sectarian, isolated far left. Not for nothing did Alan Taylor see Michael Foot as a "compromiser", steering in times of crisis serenely down the middle of the road: Barbara Castle wrote perceptively in her diary of the basic rationalism of the "collective Foot type", the most conformist of nonconformists, heir of Gladstone and Bright as well as of the asto-

nishing Isaac of the tribe. Michael Foot's kaleidoscopic career is a sign of subtle shifts and contrasts, and any book that sheds further light on its complexities is to be welcomed.

Unfortunately, few of them are illuminated in this pot-boiling biography, *Michael Foot: a Portrait*, by two journalists, part-authors respectively of works on the Lib-Lab pact of 1977 and the sexual politics of Jeremy Thorpe. They trace Foot's life briefly down to his election as party leader on November 11, 1980. There is, regrettably, no comment of any kind on his shattering experiences as party leader since then. The book is at its most interesting in its beginning and its conclusion. It is informative and affectionate on the Foot family background in Plymouth. It comes to further life in the closing pages where first-hand journalistic knowledge of the parliamentary manoeuvring of 1976-79 provides more of substance. The account of Foot's serpentine dealings with such as Mr. Molyneux of the Ulster Unionists (with unfortunate part-victims like the homophobia of Northern Ireland, whether Protestant or Catholic) is deft and instructive. In between we are offered much. The book is superficial on the 1930s, largely silent on the war years, and most disappointing on the 1945-55 period and the origins of Bevanism. But sources consulted are inadequate, particularly for a study of the Labour left. Mark Jenkins's excellent study of the Bevanites, for instance, has not been used at all, while the recourse to the pages of *Tribune* is patchy. Such anomalies as the champion of free speech and party tolerance endorsing the expulsion of a fellow-traveller like Platts-Mills and the stern disciplining of the Nenni telegrammers are not discussed. Generous though he may usually be, Michael Foot, like most politicians, has his hard side, as Mrs. Castle found out in 1976. What the book does most usefully is etch in same personal material, gleaned mainly from interviews with Foot's relatives and contemporaries. His shy, in-drawn personality, his nervous disabilities, his relationship with young women (including the youthful Barbara Castle, with whom he had the depressing experience of reading *Das Kapital* in a Bloomsbury attic); his filial devotion to such varied mentors as William Mellor and Lord Beaverbrook; his intense personal loyalty, to his Cabinet colleagues and especially to Nye Bevan ("emotional spasm" and all), are spelt out in detail. A proper assessment of the political importance of Michael Foot will take more time, research and analytical rigour than Hoggart and Leigh have felt inclined to offer, but they provide some helpful nuggets for future authors to exploit.

Four phases were crucial in the making of Michael Foot. The first three were each shaped by one powerful individual. The earliest was overshadowed by father Isaac, who bequeathed to his four sons a powerful and privileged background of dissenting protest. Radical rural Liberalism, the quasi-pacifist overtones, the obsession with drink, the ritual genuflections to Cromwell, on to the dissenting academy at Leighton Park and finally to cosmopolitan realism at Wadham College, Oxford - they are all there. It is a primrose path for a pilgrim of the old left. There are puzzling features - all those thousands of books, for instance. Were they ever in fact for reading, or merely for gifting to provide useful quotations in political perorations, or perhaps merely a substitute for wall-paper? Yet it is an attractive, comfortable background, without the angst inbred in the regional bases of the young Joe Chamberlain, Lloyd George or Bevan. Among the more notable features is the capacity for the dissidence of dissent to reproduce within itself, as Michael delicately veered away from Isaac's Victorian Liberalism, and as Paul has lately forsworn his uncle's commitment to parliamentary socialism. The Foots are never still and they are never dull.

The final phase is the period of the flirtation with power, from Foot's re-entry to the PLP in 1963, through the years of strained loyalty under Wilson, the decision to stand for the Shadow Cabinet in 1970 and the period of unshakeable loyalty as a Cabinet minister from 1974. His election as party leader in November 1980 was the natural outcome. The authors make too much of Foot's alleged "change of course" - in 1970

The second phase, of course, was the 1930s, which galvanized the young Oxford half-pacifist, fresh from "King and Country" excitements, into the Popular Front enthusiasms of the time, and finally into the writing of *Graily Men*, the outstanding political tract of the century, the Junius letters of our time. In conventional terms, this was a period that saw Foot's formal conversion to Labour and to the left-wing journalism of *Tribune* (after being sacked by Kingsley Martin in a quite amazing misjudgment of his brilliant young journalist). But more relevant to Foot's political outlook, one suspects, was a dawning affinity for cross-party connections and populist coalitions. The relationship with Cripps - a moralist, high Church politician only recently converted to socialism and to politics, was decisive. It has led Foot into a wide range of unexpected alliances, from the Unity Front to (in recent years) a friendship with Enoch Powell. The relationship with Beaverbrook and the editorship of the *Standard*, of which too much have been made by suspicious critics, were a continuation of this approach. Foot admired Beaverbrook's iconoclasm, bohemianism and taste in Austrian actresses. This style was as inseparably a part of the dissenting tradition as were "the little terrors" of the tin Bethels in Devonshire. But he was never swallowed whole by Beaverbrook. When the old tyrant tried to stop Foot publishing a wartime expose of the links of the Tory right with Mussolini, the young editor resigned. It was an act of integrity by an honest and honourable man. Characteristically, he bore little rancour towards his former patron. It is not as difficult as some critics imagine to be loyal to your friends.

The third phase lasted from 1945, when Foot entered the Commons as MP for Devonport, until 1960 when he re-entered it as member for Ebbw Vale. The latter, of course, was Bevan's old constituency and the Welsh tribune was obviously the dominant influence throughout - down to 1963, indeed, when Wilson's election as party leader was toasted by the old Bevanite survivors as some kind of supposed posthumous tribute. Since Foot's claim to be a consistent figure on the left dates from this third phase, the silence of the book on key aspects of it is disappointing. There is much more to be said, too, about Foot's remarkable biography of Bevan than is implied here. In fact, it is clear that Foot was never a natural voice for Keep Left. Like Bevan he had an urge for unity. *Tribune*, indeed, had official links with Transatlantic House in the 1948-50 period. It defended the Attlee government loyally down to January 1951; it may have been Bevan's troubles at the Ministry of Labour as much as the scale of the rearmament programme that led to a change of stance. The resignation of Bevan then led Foot into the later furious quarrels with the Gaitskellite right over a range of foreign policy and defence issues in the 1950s. In the end, of course, the final breach was with Bevan himself when he turned savagely on the unilateralists at Brighton in 1957. In the variegated ranks of CND, Foot was again immersed in the populist protest of a democratic crusade, as in the 1930s. But as then, he was never an irremediable. The eventual defeat of CND was probably a relief; it gave him a positive role in public life again. The election of Harold Wilson provided the justification. Foot persuaded himself that "the incredible has happened" and that the old left had won at last.

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when he became a front-bench spokesman for the first time; the decisive shift came with the election of Wilson seven years earlier. These later years have not been marked by outstanding legislative achievement; Foot's lack of attention to administrative details is notorious, while he fell foul of his journalist colleagues over his amended Labour Relations Bill. On the other hand, they have been far from wasted years, with a temporary truce between trade unions and government after the debacle of Heath's last year, such useful creations as ACAS, a political salvage operation that helped arrest inflation in its most uncontrolled phase, and at least one heroic failure, Foot's devotion to Welsh and Scottish devolution. This last was perhaps the product of a somewhat uncritical regard for the qualities of the Cuthberts, as he observed, "The Welsh are good, but they're not that good". The time as party leader over the past twelve months has been difficult. Yet it is hard to think how any leader bent on preserving the unity and mass appeal of a disintegrating coalition could have done much better. At least it has been an appropriate end to an experience with power, developed only in the twilight of Foot's career but nurtured in the instincts and inheritance of a lifetime.

Any biography tends to provoke reflections on the limitations and strengths of its subject. Foot's weaknesses have often been spelled out. For much of his career - though assuredly not at the present moment - he has been a rhetorician rather than a creative politician. His understanding of men and issues at times has been deficient. In domestic policy, like many on the Labour left from the earliest years of the party, he seems to have little understanding of, or interest in, economics. Such are the themes as the exchange rate or the management of the money supply - both highly relevant to the establishment of a socialist society - tend to reduce him to populist denunciation of bankers and multinationals, an updated version of Cobden's "thing" in foreign affairs, save for the brief flirtation with the idea of a socialist united Europe in 1947-48 which attracted Foot, Crossman, Barbara Castle, Silverman and others, he has tended to be a Little Englander, unduly preoccupied with a simplistic notion of lost national sovereignty. The great error of CND - and, equally of its Outsiderite adversaries - was vastly to exaggerate British international influence in

the early 1960s. For all its nobler aspects, the debate on the South was in many ways an extended essay in pacifism. Foot has never shown the fundamental grasp of overseas politics and economics which has been part of Denis Healey's intellectual equipment from his time in the party's international department under Morgan Phillips.

And yet Foot has remained a figure of major stature and substance in our public affairs. The growing crisis within his party merely underlines his importance, perhaps indispensability, for the British democratic left. His very Englishness and insularity have surely been his - and Labour's - strength. He has sensed within a native radical tradition more than most figures on the left, he has understood the nuances of Labour as a movement and not simply as a machine. His reasoned reply to Tony Benn, published in the *Guardian* on September 10 last, revealed an intimate, instinctive feeling for the organic relationship of the various elements in the party. The parliamentary party, the national executive, the annual conference, the unions, constituency management committees, party workers and sympathizers at the grass roots, have all played their vital parts in sustaining Labour's coalition. The balance between them may shift, or give rise to internal party arguments. But the essence of Labour's appeal as the leading democratic socialist party in the world, ever since it supplanted the Liberals in the early 1920s, has resided in the creative tension between its various elements. As Keir Hardie observed at the party conference in 1907, "there must be free play between the sections. Otherwise they were in for a split". The present millennialist crusade conducted by Benn bids fair to produce that very "split" against which the wise pragmatic statesmanship of Hardie warned so long ago. To treat members of parliament, the Shadow Cabinet, even the party's leader and prospective prime minister, as no more than ventriloquist's dummies trained to reproduce the erratic, ill-thought-out and often contradictory resolutions cobbled together amidst the emotions of an annual conference, is not merely insulting to the dignity of public men and women, it is totally at variance with the vibrant democracy that the Labour Party (and especially the ILP) has always represented. But then to view Mr Benn as any kind of democrat,

rather than a *déclassé* populist with Tory Democrat overtones, has always been a mistake. Michael Foot, as he has shown in his interventions during and since the Trades Union Congress at Brighton, understands this. An mass orator, pamphleteer and communicator extraordinary, he has related the British variant of democratic socialism to a long but still relevant history of libertarian protest - in other words, to the real world. In his respect for Parliament, for representative democracy, for the pluralism and tolerance embedded in the culture of his nation, Foot has been in the best sense a force for stability. His appeal to the view taken in the past by every leader of the Labour Party of the correct relationship between the parliamentary party and the annual conference is not mere rhetoric. It is entirely rational to show how Keir Hardie, Arthur Henderson, George Lansbury, and Aneurin Bevan, every great working-class leader that the British Labour movement has produced, all honoured and prized the parliamentary mode of democracy, and regarded it as the key to winning the commanding heights of power so that a socialist commonwealth could ultimately be created. The contrast between these great politicians of the past and the present self-appointed Trotskyite tribunes of the left is



The austerity of the early post-war years of Labour government which, in the public mind, became associated with the policies of Sir Stafford Cripps, one of Michael Foot's mentors, found an equally potent symbol in tinned snook. This fish, which in its natural state closely resembled the horrid, disappointed expression of the government, by establishing itself as the staple diet of wireless and music-hall comedians rather than of the public. The illustration above - a rare sight on British tables of the period - is taken from *The Time of Our Lives*, a pictorial history of Britain since 1945, by Alistair Burnet and Willie Laudie (208pp, Elm Tree Books: £9.95, 0 241 10666 4).

instructive; so, too, is the profound loyalty that Aneurin Bevan always displayed towards the achievements of the Attlee government (even in the worst troubles of the 1950s), compared with the attitude taken by the heir to Lord Stansgate towards Cabinet colleagues with whom he served for five years. The contrast is no less clear between Michael Foot, this benign and civilized symbol of our radical heritage, and the sectarian, post-Marxist zealots currently undermining the Labour Party. Foot has long seen himself as the *Heiliger Geist* of the Labour Party, a man whose mission it was to bring to the party the revolutionary times as a species of Methodist Danton. His last service and testament now could be a final appeal from the Old Left to the New, or at least to the less doctrinaire segment of it, to re-articulate and vindicate a long, creative, noble legacy of protest which is now being corrupted and destroyed. His admirable intervention at the Brighton TUC made a powerful start. Michael Foot's heart may be immediately warm to the prospect of becoming the Edmund Burke of Ebbw Vale. The Benite multitude may appear mulish rather than positively swinish. But, in the last stages of a dignified and wholly honourable career, which has added lustre and panache to our public dialogue, it could yet offer a new beginning.

In the heyday of her glamour she used to receive numbers of anonymous letters, most of them adulatory but some the disturbing products of "envy and impotent hatred". One can understand why. Philip Ziegler himself in his foreword, confesses to some initial ambivalence, referring to the "many generations of middle-class respectability" that lay behind him. Lady Diana was not in this sense respectable, nor wanted to be. Much of the material Mr Ziegler has included is trivial - sepioid anecdotes, scraps of tattered repartee, echoes of amorous skirmishes in long-gone bedrooms, all the shreds of a life that can fall cold as autumn leaves on the printed page. Were this, then, a biography it would be in order. But that would be to disregard the confusion of reactions and overreactions - from hostility, distaste, disbelief, disapproval, to envy (above all, envy), astonishment, amusement - that the book and its subject elicit.

Lady Diana's life gives the lie to all morality and scruple, makes happy hay of every precept and principle. She is the exception that proves

the rule to have been ludicrous. As a young woman she was wild, selfish, theatrical, and irresistible company. She drank too much too often; she doped herself with morphine and chloroform. She loved reading, talking, parties, surprises. She loved men and they loved her. She was from the beginning an adventurer, and she threw exceedingly.

"I like to be a Queen or a tramp," she said. She was both. If she had come from the slums it would have been easy to applaud her - functionally easy, for in fact she robbed the poor of nothing. The capital and influence represented by the emeralds, furs, Chippendale chairs, motor cars, crates of champagne and jobs for the boys that came her way would in any case have remained in the hands of a small ruling elite, her own class. She just saw to it that a steady flow in cash and kind was channelled in her direction.

She thought, when she was little: "O, I'm glad I'm a girl. I'm glad I'm a girl. Somebody will always look after me." She needed to be protected and cosseted always; and she needed, and created, excitement, even as a child: "Already Diana was ready to welcome anything that would stir things up... the drowning of an aunt was better than no thing." There was another drowning later, in 1914, when one of her admirers, Sir Denis Anson, jumped to his death in the Thames at three in the morning at the end of a boat party. It was not Lady Diana's fault; but her apparent "chill indifference" to the tragedy struck some people as peculiar. Anson had given her his watch to hold, and she sent it round to his mother via Edward Horner (who was also in love with her). She avoided all emotional confrontations: when her former governess's only son was killed in the war she pretended to ring the doorbell six times while her mother waited in the text: "Isn't it contemptible?" she said. She was candid about her cowardice. She was candid about everything, seeing no need for shame or dissimulation.

Physical sex meant little to her, and her more purposeful lovers - or most of them - were fought off vigorously at the last ditch. Before her marriage they were allowed, exultingly, into her bed and, maybe equally exultingly, nothing much more. She was a tease. There was safety in numbers. She lived to have, and had, shelves of adoring distinguished admirers, and enjoyed the daily letters full of the literary flights and inflated compliments ("dear-erations") beloved of the Golden Generation. These multiple amours have about them something fantastical, thin bright biography it nearly is, a thin bright response to it would be in order. But that would be to disregard the confusion of reactions and overreactions - from hostility, distaste, disbelief, disapproval, to envy (above all, envy), astonishment, amusement - that the book and its subject elicit.

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Stirring things up

By Victoria Glendinning

PHILIP ZIEGLER:
Diana Cooper
336pp. Hamish Hamilton. £9.95.
0 241 10659 1

Who is she? Who was she? Unlikely though it may seem to the older generation, there are now sections of the educated population for whom the name Lady Diana Cooper will ring only faint bells. She was born Lady Diana Manners in 1892, a daughter of Lady Granby, later Duchess of Rutland - though not, probably, of Lord Granby, the future Duke. "Marital fidelity was not a virtue highly esteemed among the British aristocracy," she was "the cream of the cream of the cream", as her biographer Philip Ziegler says - and that was at a time when gold-top creaminess counted. She was a member of an exclusive caste.

Some of them were cultivated, most of them were tolerably polite, even to members of the lower and middle classes. Their pride, however, was overweening; their self-confidence astonishing; their inbred sense of superiority daunting to all who did not share their advantages. The world, by and large, took them at their own valuation.

Lady Diana, bright and beautiful and very grand, became the best-known Englishwoman of her generation. She has enjoyed the popular fame which nowadays is reserved for athletes and film stars. It must be strange to have one's legend examined in one's own lifetime, but for Lady Diana there has been no question of this. Mr Ziegler says, of deferring publication. She has, in any case, always "preferred tarnished fame to public indifference".

In the heyday of her glamour she used to receive numbers of anonymous letters, most of them adulatory but some the disturbing products of "envy and impotent hatred". One can understand why. Philip Ziegler himself in his foreword, confesses to some initial ambivalence, referring to the "many generations of middle-class respectability" that lay behind him. Lady Diana was not in this sense respectable, nor wanted to be. Much of the material Mr Ziegler has included is trivial - sepioid anecdotes, scraps of tattered repartee, echoes of amorous skirmishes in long-gone bedrooms, all the shreds of a life that can fall cold as autumn leaves on the printed page. Were this, then, a biography it would be in order. But that would be to disregard the confusion of reactions and overreactions - from hostility, distaste, disbelief, disapproval, to envy (above all, envy), astonishment, amusement - that the book and its subject elicit.

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Lex Parliamentaria or a *Treatise of the law and custom of the Parliaments of England*, by O. P. Esq: first published in 1690 by Timothy Godwin, enlarged second edition published c. 1740 by John Stagg and reissued in 1748 by Henry Lintot. The 1738 Bodleian catalogue identifies the author as "George Paty" though without adducing evidence. I would be grateful for information about the authorship of this book (including any biographical data) and for insights into its subsequent history and influence.

Bernard J. Sussman, Apt 5005, 4201 Massachusetts Avenue, NW Washington, DC 20016.

Hyam Myer (1904-78), artist who was a member of the London Group, exhibited at Agnew's and the Royal Academy, taught at St Martin's School of Art (1950-75). I am preparing a memoir of my uncle and a catalogue of his work, and should

John Winton has written a good book about a great, though not a very great, man.

appreciate hearing from former students, colleagues, friends, and owners of his works.
Michael Grosvenor Myer, 34 West End, Haddenham, Ely, Cambridgeshire.

Copyright: If anyone knows who owns the copyright in the works of Alice Perrin (1867-1934), Maud Diver (1867-1934) and Otto Roth-feld (1867-1934), all of whom wrote fiction about India, I should be grateful to hear from them.

James Michie, The Bodley Head, 9 Bow Street, Covent Garden, London WC2E 7AL.

Fritz Messary (1882-1969), German actress and singer; any letters, anecdotes or other material, for a forthcoming book.
Patrick O'Connor, 26 Sheen Park, Richmond, Surrey TW9 1JW.

Jargon: any suggestions of words or phrases, for inclusion in a Dictionary of Jargon, scheduled for publication in 1983. Jargon for these purposes may be defined as "professional slang" used by fellow-members of a trade, profession, club, team, etc. for communication among themselves and deliberately or not, the exclusion of the rest of society.
Jonathan Green, 117 Achmore Road, London W9.

Lewis Fry Richardson (1881-1933): Quaker scientist who made fundamental contributions to meteorology and to the psychology of war. Personal reminiscences and information about unpublished work are sought for a biography.
H. Charnock, D. M. Aabford, c/o Department of Oceanography, The University, Southampton SO9 5NH.

The Writers' Guild: we are currently investigating writers-in-residence schemes and creative writing courses in this country, and are seeking information and opinions from the teachers and the taught.
Walter Jeffery, The Writers' Guild, 430 Edgware Road, London W2 1EH.

The world has dealt very harshly with her, but she's brave and hard-working and very misunderstood, and she's of great worth in this sad world. Why the poor soldiers dying in agony breathe her name as they die. Clemmie, you must have her to lunch.

Jules Verne: any letters or photographs, for publication in the *Bulletin de la société Jules Verne*.
William Butcher, 79 bis rue Monge, F 75005, Paris.

Augusta Webster (1837-94), Victorian poet, dramatist and essayist: information on the location of any of her letters, unpublished manuscripts, portraits, or other material, for a brief study of her poetry.
Florence Boos, Department of English, University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa 52242.

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They may not mean to but they do

By Eric Korn

WILLIAM WHARTON:
Dad
449pp. Cape. £6.95.
0 224 02926 6

William Wharton's first novel, *Birdy*, was a stupendous anecdote about an adolescent who is having trouble making it as a human being and making for making it as (and with) a century. It was enthusiastically admired, but with some detachment: it is hard to identify with galloping ornithophilia, if galloping is the word. Wharton now moves nearer home, and writes with the same skill and pertinacity about the miseries and splendours of family life: but *Dad* will be read with detachment only by those fortunate enough not to have had parents. *Dad* may be a great novel – it displays many of the stigmata of greatness, including the readiness to be absurd. It is certainly an overpowering weepie in the modern West-coast interactive therapy tradition (I've never touched my father like that, the kind of punch you give a man when you're feeling close).

Dad is not one of those family novels where the hero is an abstract notion of descent. It is about the bonds between the generations: hereditary, congenital or acquired. "Why is it I had to wait so long to know my Dad is a man like myself, more like me than anybody I've ever met... what is it that keeps fathers and sons so far apart?" Wharton's answer would seem to be "mothers, brothers, sisters, wives and eventually, grandsons." That man's father is my father's son" is the book's epigraph, and it is with good reason that he uses only the second half of the conundrum.

The central narrator is fifty-two-year-old Jack Tremont (or Johnny or John or Jacky – symptomatically, everyone in the book has a different name for him), son to Jake and Bette (or Bess), brother to Joan, father to Billy and Marty. He is an escapee, who lives and paints in a desirable old mill near Paris, with lovely, supportive Vron (who never appears). He is fussy, kind, a slightly absurd over-age fellow-traveller of the peace-and-pot generation, "sucking in oxygen and running over my mantra" in tense moments. He is recruited to his parents' home in California by a telegram bringing news of his mother's heart attack: his unvarnished account of coping with a complex double geriatric nursing problem is interlarded with shorter chapters in which Jack's son Billy describes their trip near Paris, across an America of highway accidents and pizza parlours, to catch a plane to Europe and security. This journey is ended – there is no need to keep the secret – by a telegram calling them back for the old man's funeral.

Jack's first job is to lift his father out of domestic incapacity and dependence, to teach him to wash up and keep himself clean. When the old man begins to respond, he re-takes him down to the beach on his motorbike, or to a favourite bar, for beer ("I'm stealing things differently, like going to a zoo with a child"). He succeeds all too well, for when the implacable Mom comes back home she feels excluded; determined to be indispensable, she awaits and teases herself into another heart attack. Then the father has to have surgery for the removal of a malignant growth. An unsympathetic doctor, against the son's urgent advice, mentions the dire word "cancer", and old Jake is terrified into a mute regression, which the hospital blandly diagnoses as a rather sudden onset of senility.

Jack tries to care for him at home, but gives up after a brief nightmare of struggling with the inarticulate, incontinent, panic-stricken but still powerful old man. Later, administrative incompetence and institutional indifference nearly kill Jake: the

threat of a malpractice suit – perhaps the only way to wring the amenities of medicine out of a heartless system – at last wins him proper care. When he has been given up for dead – there is a marvellous passage of hysterical gaiety when his children set about the funeral arrangements in advance – he makes a sudden and astonishing recovery, an "awakening" like one of Dr Sacks's post-encephalitic patients after a dose of L-dopa. With one bound Super-grump is free and twenty years younger, a merry old goat who takes to dressing up, smoking pot (which like youth is wasted on the young, he thinks) and inventing an earthquake detector based on the Coriolis force when the water starts going down the plug-hole backwards (it sounds a buzzer (would some physicist please step forward and adjudicate?). So relaxed does the old boy become that he reveals that he has spent most of the last thirty years inhabiting a fantasy of farm life in Cape May, New Jersey, fending warm idlers and pulling leeches from the rich earth. His alter ego has an alteram familiarum: "What on earth can I say to little Hank and Lizbet? I can't tell them their Daddy just made them up."

This finally convinces his wife that he is off the wall, but the Luringian

shrink Doctor Delibrio is impressed and delighted with this elaborately furnished bull-horn, even comparing his patient with Trukien, than which there can be no higher praise from a Luringian shrink.

Jack pays some attention, at last, to the long and kindly-suffering mother, and the going gets a bit heavy: "I feel guilty. I can't love her the way she wants to be loved. I have deep feelings she's obliterated Dad to her advantage." "You must realise she didn't do this alone. There's something in your father and yourself that allowed it to happen. After all your mother is only another human being, perhaps more scared, more motivated to dominate than most, probably with a weak ego." You see what he means, though after a description of one of her tantrums you may feel that if that is a weak ego, a strong one might open the San Andreas fault.

Perhaps too late for the novel's balance, too late to earn her more than dutiful, grudging sympathy – but that is the narrator's situation: we begin to see the old woman as less of a psychiatric monster, a sort of Rosemary's Granny, and more as a victim of her lifelong inability to cope with or express her feelings: "a diesel engine in a canoe", her son

calls her. Her behaviour becomes more irrational, demanding: she makes life intolerable for her daughter and son-in-law. She needs to get away, nobody cares for her, Jake must be got out of the house before he murders her, he mustn't leave her, he is abandoning her, she never wants to see him again, they are kidnapping her husband. Pushed too far, her victim relapses classically into withdrawal and dementia: perhaps inside he is happy down on his funny farm. Not before time, Jack decides it's time to go home and let someone else try to cope.

Many readers of the novel may find themselves identifying morbidly with one or other of the guilty parties – unhappy families may not all be unhappy the same way, but there is a family resemblance. Others may feel that Larkin said it all in sixteen words. Yet for all its intricate charting of the currents of blame and responsibility, in the end this novel is a vote of confidence in the traditional family, or at least a pat on the head for the dear octopus and its willing victims.

Dad is a massive novel with massive faults: in the short, contrapuntal chapters Billy tells us little more about his father than his father has told us about himself; and there are por-

tentous attempts to bring out larger themes – they leave their car to a brutal ghetto in Philadelphia, which makes Billy think the jungle is closing in; and this somehow relates to his grandfather's revelation, a few pages away, that his grandfather was a trapper who married an Onondaga Indian and "lived practically like people of his own kind... I never owned a pair of shoes till we got to Philadelphia". Savagery to savagery in four generations, in the city of brotherly love, in the family of the man without brothers. Moreover the novel's structure is gimmicky (in the final pages we see grandfather through grandson's eyes, and are let into grandfather's own stream of consciousness) and as obtrusive as stat-folding on a church front.

But its strengths are even more impressive: the unselfconscious revelation of the characters, people in a familiar extremity; the rich impasto of emotionally laden domestic detail, which is the stuff of family life; the unembarrassed handling of themes like geriatric sexuality and incontinence. If it sounds appalling, it appeals only in parts – it is often very funny. And when the handkerchiefs are put away (and when an awful movie it is sure to become) it has more than a touch of greatness.

The story-teller in the kibbutz

By Judith Chernaik

AMOS OZ:
Where the Jackals Howl
Translated from the Hebrew by Nicholas De Lange and Philip Simpson
216pp. Chatto and Windus. £6.95.
0 7011 2571 3

It rarely happens that literature offers a more profound insight into politics and culture than does a decade's news reporting. The Israeli novelist Amos Oz has performed this rare service for his country, where every aspect of private life is fraught with political meaning, and every political act directly impinges on private life. His fiction is indispensable reading for anyone who wishes to understand the contradictions of life in Israel, the ideology that sustains it, and the passions that drive its people.

Oz writes as an insider, as a member of the community he describes, whether it be a kibbutz in the Jordan Valley or an army unit sent on a reprisal raid across the Syrian border. He is the traditional role of story-teller and historian: a role tolerated but never highly valued by the community, which sets more store by its warriors and elder statesmen. He is reluctant to judge his comrades, but there is no doubt that by temperament and conviction he is one of the peacemakers. He hears and sees more acutely than most, and has an uncanny gift for recording the distinctive features of his world, juxtaposing the socialist dreams and apocalyptic visions of the early Zionists, the naive arrogance of the young, and the nightmares of the old and the embittered. The overwhelming impression left by his fiction is of the precariousness of individual and collective human effort, a common truth made especially poignant by a physical landscape thoroughly inhospitable to human settlement, and given tragic dimensions by the modern history of the Jews and its analogues in Biblical history.

Oz first came into international prominence ten years ago with the English publication of his second novel, *My Michael*. Set in Jerusalem in the 1950s, *My Michael* is presented as a young woman's palm-leaf record of her unhappy marriage to "a good-natured man" (a figure of pathos, since "good nature" can never entirely satisfy the demands of love or politics), of her effort to "forget nothing" and thereby to restore her own power of loving. Underlying her melancholy is a

childhood memory of wild tomboy play with her "brothers", two beautiful Arab twins, whom she eventually sends forth in imagination to destroy the world that is oppressing her with its mediocrity. The application to modern Israeli politics is unmistakable: at the same time the vision of the interdependence of love and hate, good and evil, as they affect parent and child, husband and wife, lovers and enemies, transcends local boundaries. In spite of the biblical allusions that come so naturally to Oz's characters, and the occasional references to the modern Hebrew poet Binik, it is to the great nineteenth-century French and Russian novelists that Oz seems most indebted, both in his craft and in his perception of life.

Two more novels were published in English after *My Michael*, along with two collections of novellas. *Elsewhere, Perhaps* (first published in Hebrew in 1966) portrays the socialist interstices relations on a farm in the kibbutz where Oz has lived and worked since the age of fifteen. In this novel of estrangement and reconciliation, gossip and sex are the principal realities within the kibbutz, but a keynote of Oz's fiction is struck by an outsider: "It's the simple, great themes which ought to be portrayed, like passion and death." These form the substance of a difficult and obscure third novel, *Touch*.

the Water, Touch the Wind, in which Oz abandons social and psychological realism for parable and fantasy, or rather, shifts the balance between these two strands in his earlier fiction. His themes remain the same, "simple elements in violent combination", the paths of human effort in the face of the vast indifference of nature and time. The two collections of novellas, *Under Death Counsel*, combine the sharp, realistic portrayal of Israeli life in Jerusalem or Tel Aviv with parable and myth, a mode singularly appropriate to a society which yokes Western rationalism and materialism to Eastern mystery and miracle.

Where the Jackals Howl is a collection of short stories published in Hebrew when Oz was in his early twenties, now substantially revised and published for the first time in English in book form. Two qualities are immediately apparent on reading these tales: the consummate, self-conscious craft of the writing, and the seriousness and truthfulness of the content. Kibbutz life provides a common background and inspiration – for apparently everyone on a kibbutz has a story. Two of the stories analyse a stern father's grief for a dead son. Others deal with sexual revenge – for the ideology of the kibbutz somehow fails to solve this most persistent of human problems. Themes and images from one story

reent in others: sunrise and sunset, the changing seasons, the extremes of climate (from the fierce heat of the *khamisim* to the winter chill of Jerusalem), the contours of a landscape rich in symbolic associations. The jackals of the title story, in particular, change shape and significance in each tale, as if in counterpoint to the human lives portrayed. On occasion this natural symbolism is made explicit, and becomes human and political: "It happens sometimes in the middle of the night that a plump house-dog hears the voice of his deceased brother. It is not from the dark fields that this voice comes, the dog's dejected face dwells in his own heart." In other stories the conflict between Jew and Arab is traced back to Cain and Abel, the killer of the soil and the shepherd, one loved by God, the other rejected.

Most remarkable is the compassionate irony with which Oz treats all his characters, the nuanced and the reasonable equally. The political and moral debate about ends and means is argued endlessly but inconclusively.

"All you can do is destroy a village without knowing anything about its people or its history, without wanting to know. Just like that. Like a mad bull. What do you understand? Fucking and killing, that's what you understand. And soccer. And shares in the bank. Cooperative. You're a wild animal, not a human being."

Thus Nahum, the medical orderly, to Itcheh, the young warrior and hero of the border raids. But a moment later Nahum is trembling in fear, his enlightened humanity affording no protection against the night terrors than Itcheh's animal courage.

Oz is without doubt a voice for sanity, for the powers of imagination and love, and for understanding. He is also a writer of marvellous comic and lyric gifts, which somehow communicate themselves as naturally in English as in Hebrew – a tribute to the translators, who work closely with the author. Those who prefer realism in fiction may find that the final story, a retelling of the Biblical tale of Jephthah's daughter, suffers from an excessively self-conscious style and symbolism. But the story on the whole shows remarkable ability and control and demonstrates the born story-teller's gift of creating characters who are at once believable and familiar, instantly recognisable and larger than life. The reader coming to Oz for the first time is likely to find his perception of Israel permanently altered and shaped by these tales.

To the Other

If you had understood my heart,
You would have left me, like the others, years ago
But fidelity made you stupid and you stayed.

It is not that you are not equal sometimes
But that your cruelty is so marvellously dumb
I can listen to it, roll after roll, savour it a few

As if you were some sustained Roman Orator
As if the person you were condemning so bitterly
Was not and could never have been me.

How you go on sometimes! Especially in summer
When something in the hot and fading air
Sends you crazy for improvement! Crazy to change

All my nerves and yours into air and fire!
Crazy to chuck your waists and play Cleopatra!
Crazy to catch the world to those strong tolls of grace!

I turn up the music so I have something to listen to
(What else could a sane person do?)
Let you hit those high e's of despair, again and again.

Andrew Harvey

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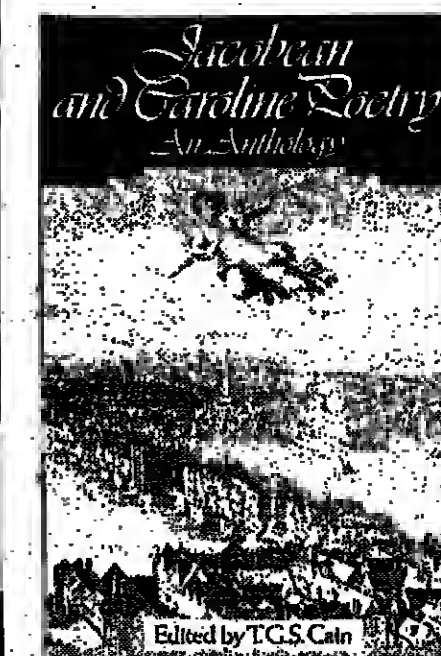
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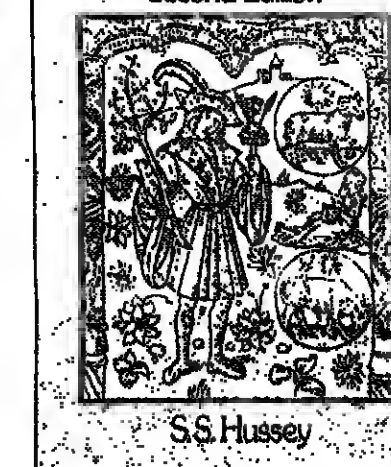
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the author, is a collection of children's poems which delight in both using and mocking the expected didactic of the genre. Here, the pictures are straight illustrations, but the joy of trying his hand at word engraving, and the quick, vivid, rough, popular illustrative style he found, seem to have educated a lively and wicked spirit in the verse. The thoughtful child might cut his teeth on "A Peak in Denmark".

Broad-gazing on untrodden lands,
See where adventurous Cortez stands:
While in the heavens above his head,
The Eagle seeks its daily bread.
How aptly fate to fuel replies:
Heroes and Eagles, hills and skies.
Ye, who condemn the faded slave,
Look on this emblem and be brave.

More recently, the *Herakleian* of Ian Hamilton Finlay have reopened the wider and more serious implications of the genre in an unexpected way. These are emblems without accompanying verse; the verse, the poetry, has got into the emblem itself, which is a concentrated design of words and images reverberating back and forth through iconic tradition. Both "classical" and provocatively polemical (and the former implies the latter, in Finlay's view, given today's neo-classicist assumptions), these emblems offer new currency to motifs and images from the past. In a reincarnation of Poussin's "Et in Arcadia Ego", the stone tomb of the original is replaced by a stone monument or tomb in the shape of a tank; the motto and the woodland setting are the same, but Finlay's emphasis on modern warfare, though deliberately ambiguous, certainly tends to restore the "heroic" aspect of a motto which has gradually slipped into triviality ("I too have had my moments").

Finlay, perhaps more than anyone else, has wanted to put poetry back into a context where it will not be felt to be alien to the neighbourhood of drawing, painting, sculpture, and architecture, and through the last two of these, to the world of the natural environment itself. His garden at Stonypath is a living, three-dimensional assemblage of what Stephen Hann has called "the taboo between visual and verbal matter". Thus, "The Great Piece of Turf" is an environmental inscription-poem, with a title after one of Dürer's watercolours, which isolates a raft of turf and flowers and sets on a stone slab carved with the AD monogram Dürer used in his paintings. The subtle interplay between past and present, between two-dimensional painting and three-dimensional sculpture, between the fact of the painted grasses and the provisional pleasure of growing species, between Stonypath and photographs of Stonypath, leaves no shortage of problems for critics, but they are problems that the quality of the work prods us to consider. Finlay's own problem is that there is only one of Stonypath, and unless Mark Boyle can clone it all in fibreglass, knowledge about it has to rely largely on photographs. What photographers can do for, or to, poetry, is the subject that started off these speculations, and it may now be returned to in a broader consideration.

The poem and the photograph have so far proved to be uneasy bedfellows. Thom Gunn's *Positives* (1966), a series of untitled poems written to accompany a collection of urban photographs by his brother Ander, gave the impression of an exercise decently and respectfully carried out: jottings of how people live in modern cities, from babyhood to senility. But the real Gunn, a sinewy, forceful and sometimes difficult poet, seemed largely absent, held in check by photographs which, with two or three exceptions, were not particularly interesting. Ted Hughes's *Remains of Elmet* (1979), poems written to photographs by Fay Godwin, is highly praised by Terry Gifford and Neil Roberts in their recent critical study of Hughes, and it is certainly working on a deeper level than *Positives*, yet there seems to be a strange disjunction between the dark, empty, brooding melancholy of the photographs of fields, moors, rocks and ruins and the jagged, tormented, hammering short lines of the poems. There is, in any case, a central misconception about the book. In his preface, poet Ted Hughes explains how the old Celtic kingdom of Elmet, west of Halifax, first doomed and then declined as a result of the Industrial Revolution. With the textile mills now almost dead, "the population of the valley and hillsides, so rooted for so long, is changing rapidly". He does not say the population has vanished, but that is how Fay Godwin has interpreted it. Out of sixty-three photographs, only four show human beings, though the reader's eye will have noticed some shots of villages with sturdily smoking chimneys. Where are the people who live there? In what ways are they "changing rapidly"?

The sense of time, decay, and the revolutions of empires which pervades Allen Ginsberg's journal-poem *Ankor Wat* (1968) was neatly but rather repetitively underlined by Alexandra Lawrence's photographs of temples clutched by encroaching jungle. *Ankor Wat* photographs, however good, have become something of a cliché, and the poem, though naturally written within sight of the ruins, takes off in many other directions that the pictures seem to suggest. William Webb's photographs in Ginsberg's *Bixby Canyon Ocean Path Word Breeze* (1972) nicely pick out a few details from the poem, but in their black and white they have a strong rival on the cover, which reproduces in colour a more immediately attractive painting of Bixby Canyon by Emil White.

The more adventurous photomontage of Aleksandr Rodchenko produced brilliant illustrations of Mayakovsky's *Pro Eto* (1923). Here, the equal creativity of poet and illustrator gives the whole book an imaginative life in which one turns from text to picture and from picture to text with little sense of awkwardness or diminution. Later attempts of photomontage have lacked the élan of the constructivist 1920s, but Kirby Congdon's *Juggernaut* (1966) is worth mentioning — a folder of broadsheets on "sex, violence, death, in American sports and entertainment" where strong photographic

juxtapositions illustrate but rather baffle the poems.

If there is any single message that emerges from these various examples, it is that black-and-white photography has obvious limitations when used in conjunction with poetry. The dark, and for the most part depressing, images in *Remains of Elmet* and *Positives* have no better result than to make the reader reluctant to open these books again, having once gone through them and given them their chance. By contrast, the coloured, facsimile, paperback of Blake's *Songs of Innocence and Experience* published by Oxford University Press in 1970 is a treasury of delights, which one can pore over again and again with instructive and revivifying pleasure. Can nothing be done to change the gloomy chromophobia of the art photographer? Almost all amateur photography is in colour; almost all cinema and TV and video are in colour; the world is in colour; Mars is red, Saturn is golden. Yet exhibitions of photography are still generally in black and white, with a little concessionary ghetto marked "Colour Section". I think it is time for art photographers to follow boldly where artists and science photographers have gone before. And I put it to the publishers of the "Landscapes Poets" series that if they employed a black-and-white photographer to illustrate the work of Hopkins or Spenser, with its innumerable colour references, he would be wasting his time.

Those who sit and watch

By N. B. Davies

DAVID McFARLAND (Editor):
The Oxford Companion to Animal Behaviour
657pp. Oxford University Press.
£17.50.
0 19 866120 7

It is now exactly thirty years since Niko Tinbergen, one of the founders of ethology, wrote *The Study of Instinct*, the first major book on the scientific study of animal behaviour. At that time students of behaviour were more or less divided into two groups. On the one hand there were psychologists, who experimented in the laboratory with rats and pigeons, while at the other extreme fieldworkers explored the countryside with butterfly-nets and binoculars, observing animals in their natural environment.

Tinbergen showed clearly how both approaches were necessary for a full understanding of animal behaviour. Whenever we watch an animal and ask why it is behaving as it is, there are several different kinds of answer to our question. We could, for example, ask why swallows migrate south to Africa in the autumn. One answer would be in terms of the internal factors and external cues which cause the birds to migrate. This might describe the influence of

day length or temperature on the nervous system and hormone levels in the bird's body and how these trigger off the migration. A second answer would be concerned with the development of behaviour in the individual. How do innate rules and experience interact to determine the migratory behaviour? Yet another answer would consider the adaptive nature of the migratory habit — how it contributes to the ability of the swallow to survive and breed.

Ethologists are interested in all these kinds of answer and so animal behaviour is a broad field of inquiry encompassing methods ranging from physiological and psychological experiments to bird-watching. Since Tinbergen's pioneering book there has been an enormous increase in research and teaching programmes in ethology and many of the exciting discoveries that have been made have been reported in the popular press and on television. Most of us will have heard the haunting song of the humpback whale, or seen films of the honey-bee's dance or the use of sign language by chimpanzees.

The Oxford Companion to Animal Behaviour, edited by David McFarland, Tinbergen's successor as Reader in Ethology at Oxford, provides an excellent handbook for the layman who wants to know more about its underlying ideas and methods. Articles by a team of seventy authors are arranged alphabetically and cover a wide variety of subjects, from aggression, communication, displays, evolution and learning to parental care, play and social relationships. The writing is clear, avoiding unnecessary scientific jargon, and the book is illustrated with numerous line drawings by Tim Halliday which not only decorate the text in a felicitous style, but also portray clearly and accurately examples of animal behaviour. There are several articles on topics closely related to behaviour studies, such as colour vision, household pests and wildlife management, descriptions of techniques of study and short biographies of pioneer ethologists, including Darwin, Lorenz, von Frisch, Pavlov and Tinbergen.

The main articles are often several pages in length and will provide substantial and authoritative accounts not only for the layman but also for those who study animals professionally. As well as a serious work of reference, the book is also fun to browse through. I was fascinated to discover that the shrew never sleeps while the sloth does so for twenty hours each day. In an article on "boredom", we learn that cows are less likely to get bored than pigs, and under "hypnosis" there is a

drawing of a chicken lying mesmerized beneath a stuffed hawk!

It is interesting to reflect on how the image of the ethologist has changed since the days of the naturalist perched on top of a sand-dune with binoculars and notebook. The modern researcher is armed with a video-camera and automatic event recorder which feeds data directly into a computer for analysis. More often than not he is concerned with problems rather than species descriptions; he is interested in the economics of decision-making rather than the behaviour of the herring-gull for its own sake. The new approach has led to a more rigorous description and quantification of behaviour and has shown also the generality of simple models. We can, for example, use the same ideas to predict how long a blackbird should remain at each blackberry-bush in order to maximize its harvest from a field, and to predict how long a male dungfly should mate with a female on a cow-pot. Although feeding and mating are obviously different kinds of behaviour, both these examples involve the problem of how best to exploit a depleting resource — the longer the bird feeds on the same bush the lower its rate of food intake and the longer the male dungfly copulates the lower its rate of fertilizing eggs. Both animals are faced with the same decision, namely when to give up and move on.

We should, however, heed Tinbergen's words of advice before plunging prematurely into the details of quantification. It is the good naturalist who best realizes the complexity of an animal's relationships with its environment and how little of this complexity we really understand. Perhaps one of the main messages of *The Oxford Companion* is that there is still a major role to be played by those who still patiently sit and watch.

Focus on Nature, by Gerald Thompson and Oxford Scientific Films, and with a foreword by David Attenborough, has just been published (184pp. Faber and Faber, £12.50, 0 571 181810). It combines a detailed discussion of the technicalities of the photography of natural phenomena with an extraordinarily beautiful series of photographs. Many of the pictures are of things and animals that can never be observed by the human eye. Some happen too fast — we are shown 1/25,000 of a second in the life of the leopard frog, its leap launched upon its leap at 90 kilometres per hour. Others are too small — two paramoecia, ciliated protozoans, are shown "sweeping" outwards.



"Leo", a cartoon for stilted gloss in the north clerestory of Cork Cathedral by William Burges (1827-1881), included in the centenary exhibition, "The Strange Genius of William Burges", currently at the National Museum of Wales, and the Victoria and Albert Museum from November 18 to January 1982. The catalogue is edited by J. Howard Crook (155pp. National Museum of Wales, £2.95, 0 7200 0234 6); his book William Burges and the High Victorian Dream was reviewed in the TLS recently.

Goods and practices

By Philippa Foot

ALASDAIR MACINTYRE:
After Virtue
A study in moral theory.
252pp. Duckworth, £24.
0 7136 1045 7

The theme of Alasdair MacIntyre's pervasively nostalgic book is the enfeebled state of modern moral consciousness. He sighs for the "coherence" of earlier moral thinking, for moral consensus, tradition, locality, community, and social authority. He is scornful of the individualism at the centre of "modernism" (this special target) and where others might find signs of a healthy moral outlook, as in political protest on behalf of human rights, he hears the "shrill" voice of modern moral uncertainty.

All this will sound familiar, but MacIntyre is in fact an idiosyncratic philosopher and sociologist with a special thesis of his own. He believes the language of present-day moral judgment to be literally unintelligible because it largely consists of remnants of ancient cultures to which the "virtues" of natural rights and of utility have been added in the intervening centuries. So we talk as if there were objective impersonal standards of right and wrong and as if moral disputes could in principle be settled. But we have long since lost an essential element in objective morality which is the idea of a human *telos* — an end for which all men have reason to strive. In this moving away from basically Aristotelian morality we have debased ourselves from finding a rational basis for moral action, and confusion has been compounded by the shift from a morality in which virtues were central to one dominated by rules. We have inherited our vocabulary from a very different past: it is one that we no longer understand and which indeed makes no sense in its new context.

Once Aristotle had been abandoned, attempts to find objective moral standards and impersonal reasons for moral action had to fail. MacIntyre supports his thesis by showing how Hume, Kant, Kierkegaard, the Utilitarians and O. E. Moore all retreated or came to grief. Tracing the history of moral theory he insists also on the social consequences of the rise of individualism and the growing incoherence of moral thought. As theory faltered practice changed too, and we find the roots of the problems engaging academic moralists and those met in practical social life to be the same. Lacking a firm belief in rationally chosen ends we have come to over-value managerial skills which are supposed to adjust means to given ends. Thus Weber, whom MacIntyre calls an emotivist, is the prophet of the modern age; and analysis of managerial theory and practice by his critics has actually tended to confirm this thesis. Control, of motives and behaviour, is the criterion of

bureaucratic success, and the justification of managerial power has to lie in a claim to the possession of a body of "social scientific knowledge" containing universal law-like generalizations, a claim which incidentally MacIntyre himself denies. Such are the effects of moral subjectivism on the power structure of the modern world. Its private-life counterpart has been described by Erving Goffman in his portrayal of the role-playing individual.

The goal of the Goffmanesque role-player is effectiveness and success in Goffman's social universe is nothing but what passes for success. There is nothing else for it to be. For Goffman's world is empty of objective standards of achievement; it is so defined that there is no cultural or social space from which appeal to such standards could be made.

Such is MacIntyre's gloomy picture of present-day moral language and its social consequences. What of the future? Is there any gleam of hope? Surprisingly it seems that there is. For it was the rejection of Aristotle that sent things awry and MacIntyre believes that a revised Aristotelianism will allow us to reinstate the virtues and to send moral subjectivism packing. Perhaps it will also give us encouragement to construct "local forms of community within which civility and the intellectual and moral life can be sustained through the new dark ages which are already upon us". Aristotle's own moral system was defective because he tried to derive the end-for-man from his metaphysical biology. We are told, however, that a clear and more defensible account can be given of the human *telos*.

The final chapters of *After Virtue*

tell us what the new Aristotelianism is to be like. MacIntyre has always argued for the historical study of moral concepts, and he spends time in this book on the changing idea of a virtue. Nevertheless he believes that there is a core concept common to the different phases of Greek culture and extending to modern times. A preliminary account of this concept is supposed to show that virtues have "their point and function" in what he calls "practices".

Practices have a bewildering number of defining characteristics, but their most important features seem to be that they are cooperative activities [whatever exactly that means here] and that the goods realized by them are internal to the activities concerned. By this latter description MacIntyre is marking the distinction between ends such as power or wealth which could in theory at least be gained in more than one way, and goods that cannot even be characterized apart from the activity from which they arise. He seems to be thinking chiefly of such things as playing chess and practising the arts, and does not tell us enough to make it clear why farming is said to be a practice. What have practices to do with the definition of the virtues? It appears that these can be defined in a preliminary way as qualities necessary to the achievement of goods internal to practices.

MacIntyre has clearly been much struck by the fact that someone who wants to acquire the peculiar good of playing chess well will not simply want to win by whatever means, and will listen to what others have to tell him about how to play. What is not so clear, however, is how he thinks this is going to help him to rout the

moral subjectivist or sceptic, who need not question the possibility of a subsidiary place for virtues such as courage and patience, and even a modicum of fairness, in the life of any man. The problem posed by Plato, and never solved, is that of showing the rationality, for any man, of a thorough-going acceptance of the restraints of justice. MacIntyre seems to think he can do something with the thought that the founding and maintaining of communities is a practice in which men may together seek for the "good for man". But supposing such practices to aim at the good of the many and not necessarily at the ends of the individual, it is against them that we are warned by Plato's Thrasymachus and Callicles and by Nietzsche.

MacIntyre evades some of his challenges by the use of expressions such as "common goods"; his opponents will ruthlessly unpack the bundle and while MacIntyre will no doubt insist that the good of the individual and his rational ends cannot be achieved except through respect for others this is just what his critics will deny. Nor are they likely to be impressed by his account of the good for man, an account which is supposed to supplement that knowledge of the virtues which comes from understanding the part they play in practices. For the good for man turns out to lie in the unity ("the unruly unity") of a life devoted to a search for the good for man.

MacIntyre evades some of his opponents; he does, however, engage a confrontation of a kind with Nietzsche, whom he regards as the most candid and clear-sighted critic of the Enlightenment's ill-fated attempts to shore up non-Aristotelian morality. Only an

understanding of goods internal to practices, and a new vision of the good for man, stands between us and Nietzsche's insistence on non-rational will as the foundation of value. MacIntyre believes that by producing a new and defensible Aristotelianism he has defeated Nietzsche. He thinks he has also shown that the individual is not his own moral authority as Nietzsche believes, since "the conception of a good has to be expounded in terms of such actions as those of a practice, of the narrative unity of a human life and of a moral tradition". As a claim to have given some general account of the concept of a good this is absurd in the context of arguments actually offered in this book. Nietzsche could reply that no one knew better than he did the good of submitting to the laws of an art, and that the unity of a life was just what a strong man would create by the disciplining of his desires. But as for entering into "relationships mediated by appeal to shared standards or virtues or goods", which MacIntyre extols, these relationships will be healthy between equals but not between the strong and the weak, the exceptional and the mediocre. If morality implies accepting communal standards, so much the worse for morality.

Whether MacIntyre could develop some strong and radical theory from his present starting points is really hard to tell on the evidence offered in this book. For although he says many true things he is here basically operating on credit, while the cruel fact about philosophy is that its only currency is cash. He mentions, for instance, that he has a theory of rationality, presupposed in this work but to be expounded elsewhere. Like Ivy Compton-Burnett's horrible children we reply with an enquiry, saying, "We don't mean you haven't. We just want to know what it is."

To think that MacIntyre has failed to rescue us from our present moral discontents is not, however, either to despair of moral philosophy or to dismiss *After Virtue*. It is not to despair of moral philosophy because one may have a different perspective from MacIntyre's, thinking it to be early rather than late in the history of analytic philosophy's attempt to understand moral language and too early to claim a synoptic view of the possibilities. It is not to dismiss *After Virtue* because that would be to ignore its great merits. A reader interested primarily in finding a new moral theory may be disappointed. But if he will settle for the pleasures of intricate construction, lively argument, some excellent chapters devoted to the history of philosophy, and the skilful use of a wealth of reading in philosophy, sociology and literature he will be well served. It is only a pity that MacIntyre is too often secretive about his references. Following up some of the more recondite allusions should have been one of the pleasures of this wide-ranging book.

Brian Aldiss

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Doubtless a way there is of grasping whole
This troubled cosmos where we fare and die,
Of grasping, and forgiving much thereby.

Wall, some will ebb, when I lie in the grave,
To quest like Albert Einstein for a key
To ends so far obscured. Theo let those brave
Unloose the universe's mystery.

Nat I. If, with the Immortal Will's consent,
Maeklod should gain some means to cancel space
And time, to view eternally the bleak face,
Such vision could wreak endless dole — and frost

The humus hops of far futurity
With woes yet stored, worse far than those which blight
Maid whom I know, and meo who once knew ma.

Brian Aldiss

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commentary

Trebling up

By Craig Brown

Three Men in a Hat
Mayfair Theatre

This is a one-man show, a fact that should have been made clearer to my companion, who spent the first half waiting for the other two to turn up. Happily, the one man, Jeremy Nicholas, realises that the pyrotechnics involved in endlessly switching hats and funny voices and juggling about the stage with the occasional burlesque would wreck only anxiety from an audience; instead, he is a narrator who allows characterization to slip into his anecdotes.

The hook is a hymn to sloth. The three have a "general disinclination to work of any kind" and feel that life is "an idle dream to be gaped and yawned through". Reading it, one forgets to wonder how or why "I" summoned up the energy to write it, but confronted by the sight of him leaping into action to enact the smallest contretemps with a lock-keeper or mislaid with the boat it is hard to turn a blind eye to the contradiction. Would this sporting jester really have found water too damp? One or two of Nicholas's gestures appear a little out of character, too; particularly his habit of repeatedly sticking his finger into his ear and, minutes later, wiping it on his hair. So why is the show so engaging?

It begins with Nicholas, dressed perfectly in sharply-creased trousers and striped red blazer, laying the table for tea. The two empty chairs indicate that his companions are expected. Monticorency is offstage, and barks at every mention of his name. And Nicholas, dives in, through the list of his and his companions' ailments, through the decision to take all those things they couldn't do without rather than those they could do with, through the trouble with the toothbrush, and the middle at Waterloo, to the river at Kingston, or "Kynigston", as it was once called in the days when Saxon "kings" were crowned there. Soon Nicholas's over-enthusiasm,

which manifests itself in a series of exaggerated and rather camp facial expressions, settles down, and the atmosphere becomes loving, shoring and powered by a joyous bewilderment. Nicholas, who co-edited the book, understands that its charm lies in its lengthy tangents (indeed, the whole and lets the best episodes flow their course. He excels less at the quieter discourses and musings than at the more flamboyant and action-packed scenes: the tin of pineapple "so strange, so weird, so unearthly in its wild hideousness" seems to be there on the stage, unrelenting and taunting. Similarly, Nicholas revels in the depiction of Harris's appalling rendition of the Admiral's song from *Pimfore*. In these scenes, the dreadful compulsion to look pleased, that grips the audiences of all one-man shows, is thrown to the winds and genuine laughter and delight take over.

By having to shorten and speed up the book, Nicholas inevitably deprives it of much of its meandering charm, but this blunter form makes clearer: these three men feeling miserable while rain patters on the canvas above them, becoming irritated with the habits of each other and exasperated by the contrivances of inanimate objects, could well be refugees from a Beckett play, and their relationship to the Thames, the resting place of dead dogs and suicides, of stubborn pineapple tins and cracked branches, if told more soberly would no doubt merit the attention of coverts of thesis writers. One of the most remarkable parts of the play is Nicholas's description of the dead woman they find floating in the Thames at Goring. "Six shillings a week does not keep body and soul together very unitedly. They want to get away from each other when there is only such a very slight bond as that between them." Though it stands out in tone from the rest (an emotional switch which Nicholas manages perfectly) it is only the dark side of the prevailing idea behind the work: that to loathe, obeying all one's disinclinations, is probably the best thing in the long run.

The fabulous Falstaff

By David Nokes

Falstaff
Half Moon New Theatre

This is the play of the book of the plays. Falstaff, we know, is not only witty in himself, but the cause that wit is in other men. James White with his *Falstaff Letters* in 1976, and Robert Nye with his recent novel are only two of the men so beguiled by the fat knight's wit as to attempt to supply the details that Shakespeare overlooked. Nye's novel is a Rabulian extravaganza in which Falstaff/Fastolf achieves mythical dimensions. His voice and experiences, though rooted in "history", are timeless, weaving echoes of Coleridge and Sterne, Eliot and Joyce, into the basic Shakespearean topography. The result is a richly sensuous narrative that resonates with all the central English myths of Arthur and Avalon, Albion and Agincourt.

Inevitably David Buck's dramatization has to forego many of Nye's complex strategies and convoluted cross-references. But it preserves the essence of the novel. Buck's Falstaff is a superb teller of tales, an actor, a raconteur. In Mick Bearish's intimate and evocative set, this tub of guts boasts, struts and reminiscences, charming us, inveigling us and tickling us with his stories. He plays the part with an unflagging energy and a sureness of touch that indicate complete immersion in the character, varying his tales as cleverly as

Directed by John Tydemann, this one-man show is far more than a piece of fustian or pastiche. It's an evening of poetry and humanity, surprising, moving and funny, which deserves to be seen by far more than the handful who were at the New Half Moon on the night that I saw it.

The *TLS* of September 24, 1931, reviewed Arthur Waugh's *One Man's Road: Being a Picture of Life in a Passing Generation*. "It is a pity that Mr. Waugh has not devoted more of his book to that portion of his career, which is of greatest public interest... We can find no adequate reason for the prolonged attention he has given to his early family history, his education at a 'dame-school' and at Sherborne, or even to the years spent at Oxford.... For it is as publisher,

The harassments of greatness

By Julie Hankey

Macready
Arts Theatre

It should be said straight away that this one-man show about the early nineteenth-century actor Macready makes an enjoyable and very funny evening. My only doubt is whether Frank Barrie, the author and performer, should bother with the personal form, "I", at all. So little does he himself evoke the perverse and exasperated character of Macready (though he tells us about it) that he might just as well be a high-spirited friend, say Dickens, describing him to a green-room full of hilarious actors while the man himself confesses furiously to his diary somewhere else.

Arguably, an evening with Dickens, or for that matter Frank Barrie, is more entertaining than an evening with Macready. You wouldn't have got him reading snippets out of *Fifty Years of Green Room Gossip*, or doing send-ups of contemporary stage stereotypes: "terror", right leg planted diagonally forward, arms raised in front, "terror from the other direction", left leg forward, etc. He would sooner have thrown the book than look at it, and hurl curses at the profession than make fun of it. Barrie hurls a curse or two, but his style is predominantly genial.

Barrie's interest in Macready seems professional rather than personal. He is most convincing when he imagines for us how the man acted, and what his frustrations must have been in having no ideal in advance of his public one, often, of his own powers. At one moment he makes the point beautifully by showing Macready pantomiming his way through a speech and simultaneously peppering it with bracketed self-criticisms: "vulgar", "don't saw the air", "too coarse". In another telling moment he shows him taking the, as it seemed, tremendous risk of sitting for a soliloquy mad speaking "I naturally". As the stage darkens and the spotlight comes up (something Macready would have liked) he has us listening pin-still to "Oh that this too sullied flesh", act by Barrie-as-Hamlet, rather than Barrie-as-Macready-as-Hamlet. Then with a quick transition and a flood of light Macready assures us triumphantly that "they were listening".

But, perversely when he has such intimate material to hand in the diaries, Barrie is essentially the raconteur, the biographer with a gift for imitations, rather than the autobiographer. Life makes no sustained attempt to be Macready (as Macready would have put it), other than illustratively. His idiom is breezily modern, the story detachedly summary. The "I" is at arm's length. "I was becoming famous for my pauses"; "I did a remarkable thing for 1820", speaking of a production, "I released it". The sense of the present moment, so special to the diary, is swept away in the flow of retrospective narrative. Instead, it becomes a store of anecdotes.

But the diary is more than that. The bitter confessions of impenetrable rage, the stinging sense of a snub;

rather than as *littérateur*, that Mr. Waugh, when writing his life, primarily commands our attention. For in that capacity he has a unique story to tell. He had a very interesting experience which associated with the ingenious Bailester. In the John W. Lovell Company. In 1890 there was no copyright protection for English authors in America. Bailester, foreseeing that copyright legislation was approaching, set himself to "secure the good will of Kipling and other writers by publishing authorized editions of their works in America.

Fifty years on...

Yet the answer is not as simple as that, as was made clear by Peter Keen. Speaking of Gissing's elusive, contradictory nature, as evinced in both his life and his books, Keen stressed that a key element in Gissing's appeal is the way to which each reader feels, in the company of this author, as if he is making an individual discovery and is responding to an essentially private and personal voice. The novelist whose most widely read book (*New Grub Street*) is at once a detailed window on the world of late-Victorian literary production and an anguished cry

upon him sharply and said that "I had consented to do this thing—to place myself here... I must be done... I went down to change my dress... water was running down first from ceiling to the floor... the stones hurled in had broken some pipes and so on."

Since Barrie chooses not to come in close, he would have gained by declaring himself openly as an outside narrator avoiding the limitations of the first person. He then could have legitimately allowed himself the licence he once indulges in, when he brings in the first-person voices of Fanny Kemble and Alfred Buns. He could have set Macready in his circle. And, paradoxically, by drawing freely on his friends and colleagues, he might, without sacrificing his irony, have come closer to the private man—as, for example, here, is Bulwer Lytton's words:

I saw Macready in all the pomp of an overflowing house, a most successful afterpiece, a most triumphant opera, and a most gorgeous private box. But in his pomp was sadness. He sighed at congratulations and complained of the harassments of greatness, the uncertainty of success. Unhappy Man! When he gets a million, he will have arrived at the summit of his sorrows.

A Gissing conference

By Gillian Tindall

"Who knows George Gissing?" enquired an article by Russell Kirk in the *Western Humanities Review* some thirty years ago, and the question has been asked with such increasing frequency since that one might be excused for supposing that we must now be near finding an answer. At that time Gissing had been dead almost fifty years, and that is the traditional interval during which a writer and his reputation lie dormant, awaiting rediscovery by a new generation. In the 1920s and 30s only a few perspicacious readers (among them Virginia Woolf, and George Orwell, whose own Gordon Comstock so resembled a Gissing anti-hero) appreciated Gissing; hardly any of his books were in print; he had to be read in what Orwell, with a phrase nicely adjusted to the subject, described as "soup-stained editions from public libraries".

How different the picture is now! Exactly fifty-one years after Gissing's death (of lung-disease in the Pyrenees in 1903) the first full-length biographical study of him appeared; another followed in the 1960s (Jacob Korg's *George Gissing, a Critical Biography*, recently re-issued by the Harvester Press) and in the same period a series of carefully researched monographs on various aspects of his life began to appear from a devotee at the University of Lille, Pierre Coustillas. My own *The Born Exile* appeared in 1974, and since then at least two more full-length books on him have appeared, plus articles, bibliographies and critical collections. Another study, by John Halperin, is due from OUP this winter and at least one other serious book is in preparation. Many of his novels are available in recent editions.

Yet the answer is not as simple as that, as was made clear by Peter Keen. Speaking of Gissing's elusive, contradictory nature, as evinced in both his life and his books, Keen stressed that a key element in Gissing's appeal is the way to which each reader feels, in the company of this author, as if he is making an individual discovery and is responding to an essentially private and personal voice. The novelist whose most widely read book (*New Grub Street*) is at once a detailed window on the world of late-Victorian literary production and an anguished cry

against the pain of having to produce a literary work at all, must in a sense always remain an outsider, a slightly uneasy figure not so much in the shadow of greater contemporaries (Hardy, Wells, Bennett) but shadowing them, a distinctive yet elusive presence on the fringe of several worlds, but never quite at home in any of them. Indeed there seems a peculiar symbolic appropriateness in the fact that Gissing's most ardent modern scholar, and the presiding spirit of the symposium—Coustillas—should himself be a foreigner.

In a similar way, literary discussion during the weekend showed a persistent tendency to a preoccupation with two of the subjects that haunt Gissing's novels—food and wives—which of course turned out to be inextricably entwined. Gissing married two sensationally unglamorous wives before finally escaping to France and relative compatibility in the company of a third lady; yet from this supposed idyll he wrote to Wells that he "thought night and day of boiled potato... of puddings... of tea-cakes... Genuine starvation, as one speaker, David Grylls, ably contended? Or a more obscure and unrequited emotional hunger? The argument raged while, across the untypically sunny York-shire garden, boiled potatoes and puddings called mutely from the dining hall. Perhaps Gissing, that "damning" joy-loving human being, would have been amused as well.

Meanwhile, his birthplace in Wakefield, a modest Georgian brick house behind an erstwhile chemist's shop, has been rescued in the nick of time by the efforts of a few local devotees from the attentions of a demolition-minded local authority, and with financial help from the same authority, is in process of rehabilitation. If the Gissing Trust (formed in 1978) can raise enough money, a small Gissing centre-museum will be established there. Recently, under the auspices of the Trust and the Yorkshire Arts Association, some thirty-odd Gissing readers, plus eight guest speakers, including Korg and Halperin, assembled at Bretton Hall near Wakefield for a Gissing symposium. As is the way of literary conferences on essentially tragic figures, it proved a particularly jolly occasion. Who knows Gissing? Who now, one is inclined to respond, does not know him?

The Afghan Revolution

Sir—Anthony Arnold (Letters, September 4) describes as absurd my contention (July 3) that the role of the disagreement between Hafizullah Amin and the USSR concerned the interpretation of the Afghan revolution—whether it was a national democratic or a socialist revolution. The evidence is against him, however, and his remarks suggest that he does not appreciate the political significance of the argument about labels.

The theory of the national democratic revolution was designed to cover those situations where the working class was insufficiently developed to seize power and to govern alone through its own party. At its formation in 1965 the People's Democratic Party of Afghanistan endorsed this theory and reaffirmed its adherence to it in May 1978. Following the purge of the Parcham faction in July and August 1978, references to the national democratic revolution became fewer and Khalqi policies made it clear that the party believed that it could govern alone, creating its own support through land reform and beating down opposition by force. From the early summer of 1978 the USSR remonstrated against this policy, urging the formation of the united national front considered appropriate to the national democratic revolution. In June and July the PDPA seemingly accepted this advice, stopped land reform, and agreed to form a national front.

It is evident, however, that a powerful section of the party, led by Amin, opposed this moderate policy, and its opposition was made plain in theoretical arguments. Amin argued that the Afghan revolution was a new model of working-class revolution and that the regime was a working-class dictatorship. It was unnecessary that the working class should be in a majority for there to be a working-class revolution. The PDPA was a working-class party because it had a working-class ideology, which it had acquired, as it were, by osmosis from other working-class parties. The practical implications of this theoretical formulation are clear: Amin and his followers, in opposition to the USSR, believed that they could govern alone with radical policies suitable for a proletarian dictatorship. The Soviet objection to Amin was not (as Mr. Arnold implies) that he was proposing to reverse the ideological direction but that he wanted to advance along the path to socialism too quickly and that in doing so he was endangering the gains of the revolution and important Soviet interests. What direction Amin might eventually have taken had he not been overthrown was, of course, another matter.

The soundness of this interpretation has been confirmed by subsequent events. Since the Parcham concept of the national democratic revolution has been rejected, more conciliatory policies adopted, and the national front formed, the delay in the formation of the front may be explained partly by the extent of Afghan opposition to the regime and partly to continued opposition by Khalqis within the party. It is noteworthy that the Afghan revolution has never been described as socialist in any Soviet publication and that among other charges against Amin is the contention that he pursued mistaken leftist policies.

Under the theory of the national democratic revolution the PDPA, the so-called vanguard party, certainly controls policy and directs government, but it does share power in the sense of admitting other groups to discussions of policy and to a share in government.

M. E. YAPP,
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Without for a moment accepting much of what he says about Ho and the Americans let me simply confine myself to the slur he casts on Lieutenant Colonel A. Peter Dewey, a distinguished young officer, the son of a Republican Congressman from Chicago, a Yale graduate, a one-time correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News* in Paris who covered the fall of France, who joined the Polish Army fighting in France, returned to the United States after the French defeat and enlisted in the US Army, serving as an intelligence officer in Africa, parachuted into occupied France for the OSS and ultimately headed the OSS mission which reached Saigon in early September 1945.

This is the unnamed man whom Dennis Duncan dismisses in the words: "His leader [Colonel Dewey] made such a nuisance of himself that [General] Gracey ordered him out". Mr. Duncan goes on to make a rather turgid comparison of Dewey with young John Birch, the American officer who was killed in China and whose name was adopted by the John Birch Society.

Mr. Duncan does not mention that General Gracey did everything he could to prevent the OSS mission headed by Colonel Dewey from coming to Saigon and that the mission was permitted to come after an American protest caused Mountbatten to overrule Gracey. Nor does he

to the editor

note that the OSS mission arrived in Saigon some ten days before Gracey and that until Gracey's arrival the city had been relatively quiet.

Dewey was murdered on September 26, 1945 at about 1.30 pm not far from the house where the OSS was headquartered, probably by Vietnamese who mistook him for a French officer. This was the day he was scheduled to leave Saigon under the expulsion order issued by General Gracey. Many circumstances of Dewey's death still remain unclear and his body was never recovered.

In a tribute to Dewey in the *New York Times* the late Arthur Krock wrote: "Peter Dewey boldly met every risk which high spirit, total absence of physical fear, and hatred of autocracy impelled him to seek. He survived these, to be shot from ambush by natives whose protest against foreign domination he had examined with the sympathy he felt for all who are thus subject. It is one of the first American casualties in the bodiless era of peace-making that has released passions as violent as those of war".

In fact, Colonel Dewey was the first American casualty in the Vietnam war, a noble young man whose memory is venerated by all who knew him and all I should have supposed, who knew of him. Had there been more Peter Deweys in Indochina in 1945 fewer Peter Deweys would have been killed there in the years to come.

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'Labyrinths'

Sir—I can add to Terry Hunt's versions of Borges (Letters, September 11). He quotes from the Penguin edition of Borges's *Labyrinths* the following: "with its architecture and its playing cards, with the dread of its mythologies and the murmur [sic] of its languages". Alastair Reid's translation of the original has this: "with its architecture and its playing cards, its mythological terrors and the sound of its dialects". This is much nearer to the other version by Sherry Morgan than Mr. Hunt also quotes, even though that appears to arrive in English filtered through the French.

The due to the mystery is simple. Mr. Irby may be a distinguished Hispanist but he cannot write intelligible English. The Penguin *Labyrinths* adds an index to Borges that I do not think can be found in the original. Mr. Irby, in "Death and the Compass", has "the numbered divisibility of a fall". Another translator, Norman Thomas di Giovanni has "the numbered chambers of a cell block", which at least has the merit

of making sense. When Mr. Irby has (in *The Circular Ruins*) "the unnamable night", Mr. di Giovanni has "the encompassing night"; when Irby puts forward "the infinite villages" and "the violent mountainside", di Giovanni gives us "the numberless villages" and "the steep slopes of the mountain".

The inference is clear. Unless Borges is to rank as a master of nonsense prose, the Penguin edition is misleading and should be withdrawn. For further discussion of the matter I refer your readers to an article, "Borges and his Translators", which I published in *Lines Review* 49 (1974).

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'Renaissance Self-Fashioning'

Sir—Aren't ellipses wonderful? In his review of my *Renaissance Self-Fashioning: from More to Shakespeare* (September 4), Alastair Fowler is determined to use me for the most part as an example of one of those critics who "seem to work on the assumption that men have always been pretty much the same; so that no endeavours of scholarship—no constructs of former sensibility—can possibly take us further than simply reading, as if the work had been written today". No matter that my book consistently argues the opposite case; after all, Mr. Fowler can quote me: "As Stephen Greenblatt puts it, 'we need... bringing nothing to the text but ourselves.' The ellipsis here is for the crucial words 'at this level', the level in question being one of regard as inadequate precisely because it is insufficiently grounded in the text's specific historical and cultural situation. My next sentence is 'Fuller understanding, however, requires that we confront not only personal history but the history of peoples' (p. 179).

Does this mean that Alastair Fowler and I in fact agree? Not really. Our differences are most clearly illuminated by this remark that "even the moral and theological debates that troubled the sixteenth century were not merely power struggles; they had real substance". I have not, of course, said that they were "merely" power struggles, but the opposition between power and "real substance", particularly in the cases of More and Tyndale, seems to me hopelessly wrong, nor would it be wise to assume such an opposition for much of Renaissance culture.

One last note. Alastair Fowler writes, "When Greenblatt chooses to ask about exploitation of the Third World, Tudor culture must learn the new term and come as clean as it

can". I plead guilty to taking a dim view of the Tudors in Ireland and the Spanish in the Americas, but the new term "Third World"—comically inappropriate in the context of sixteenth-century England—is Mr. Fowler's own.

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Japan and Nuclear War

Sir—Professor Vincent's review (September 11) casts a cold eye upon the political rise and thought of Mr. Bein, and somewhat beyond. His comment that "The experiment of a nuclear-free zone in a war against a nuclear power has after all been tried at Hiroshima" seems to err in taste as well as fact, heaving in mind that while to the American action the whole Earth, not merely Japan, might reasonably have been described as a nuclear-free zone. Perhaps it would not be unduly pedantic and deficient in a sense of humour to suggest that it was the Americans rather than the Japanese who were experimenting, and that since that time the countries which have run the greatest risk of nuclear attack have been those which possess nuclear weapons.

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Henry Fielding

Sir—If Donald Greene (September 11) really thinks Walpole subscribed to ten volumes of Fielding's *Miscellanies*, he must either believe that the *Miscellanies* came out as no volume, or else that Walpole bought three sets and a third.

CLAUDE RAWSON,
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BRIAN ALDIS's novels include *A Rude Awakening*, 1978.

SYDNEY ANOLD is Professor of the History of Ideas at University College, Swansea. His books include *Spectacle, Paganism and Early Tudor Poetry*, 1969, and *The Entry of the Archduke Charles into Bruges*, 1974.

M. M. BAGDAVI is the author of *A Critical Introduction to Modern Arabic Poetry*, 1976.

JOOTH CHERNAK's most recent novel is *The Daughter*, published earlier this year.

MARTIN COOPER's books include *Ideas and Music*, 1966, and *Beethoven: the Last Decade*, 1970.

N. B. DAVIES is Demonstrator in Zoology at the University of Cambridge and a Fellow of Pembroke College.

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PHILIPPA FOOT is Professor of Philosophy at the University of California, Los Angeles, and author of *Viruses and Vices*, 1980.

PETER GIBBON's books include *Cheshire: the Story of HX231*, 1974.

PHYLLIS GROSSKURTH is working on a biography of Melanie Klein.

JULIE HANKEY's theatre-historical edition of *Richard III* was published earlier this year.

R. V. HOLDSWORTH's edition of Middleton and Rowley's *A Fair Quarrel* was published in 1974.

R. J. HOLLINGDALE's books include *Thomas Mann: a Critical Study*, 1971, and *Nietzsche*, 1974.

GEORGEY HOSKING's *Beyond Social Realism: Fiction since 'Ivan Denisovich'* was published last year.

ERIC KORN is an antiquarian bookseller in London.

DORIS LANOLEY MOORE's books include *Lord Byron: Accounts Rendered*, 1974, and *Ado, Countess of Lovelace*, 1977.

WILLIAM S. McFARLEY's *Grant: A Biography* is published this month.

LUCY MAIA's books include *Marriage*, 1971, and *African Kingdoms*, 1977.

J. MOROANT BURG's most recent book, *William Crookes and the High Victorian Dream*, was published earlier this year.

EDWIN MOROAN's collections of poems include *Star Gate*, 1979.

KENNETH O. MOROAN's most recent book is *Rebirth of a Nation: Wales 1880-1980*, 1981.

PAUL MULDOON's most recent collection of poems is *Why Brownlee Left*, 1980.

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TOM PHILLIPS's books include *A Humument: A Treatment of a Victorian Novel*, 1980.

NESTA ROBERTS's books include *Mental Health and Mental Illness*, 1967, and *The Face of France*, 1976.

FRANCES SPALDINO's biography of Roger Fry was published last year.

CUSHING STRAUT's *The Veracious Imagination: Essays on American History, Literature and Biography* was published earlier this year.

GILLIAN TINDALL's most recent novel is *The Intruder*, 1979.

D. M. THOMAS's most recent novel is *The White Hotel*, 1980.

A. N. WILSON is Literary Editor of *The Spectator*. His novels include *The Healing Art*, 1980.

Honour and its enemies

By J. Mordaunt Crook

MARK GIRAUD: The Return to Camelot: Chivalry and the English Gentleman. 312pp. Yale University Press. £12.50. 0 300 42739 7

"The age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators, has succeeded; and the glory of England is extinguished for ever." Burke's lament in 1790, in his *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, turned out to be rather premature. "In fact," notes Mark Girouard, "even as he lamented, the age of chivalry was on the way back." The revival of chivalry - transformed into a code of manners, a set of social attitudes, and a spectrum of pictorial images - lasted from the French Revolution to the First World War. It supplies Dr Girouard with an absorbing theme: *The Return to Camelot*.

Girouard is an architectural historian with half a dozen books under his belt; his *Victorian Country House* (1971; 1979) is already a classic and his *Life in the English Country House* (1978) is a best-seller. But *Camelot* is not a work of architectural history, still less a piece of art history. It deals chiefly with ideas. Even so it hardly makes as intellectual history: its philosophical content is negligible. It takes the form of an essay - but not an essay of the *belles lettres* type; the writing is seldom more than workmanlike. No, what we have here is really a prime example of the higher journalism, professionally edited, beautifully packaged and brilliantly timed. It should sell like hot cakes at Christmas. Winter 1981-82 looks set for nostalgia and romanticism: William Burgess at the Victoria and Albert Museum, *Excalibur* at every other cinema, and the *Return to Camelot* in every bookshop. At this rate we shall soon be appointing a Cuntor instead of a Prime Minister.

Girouard's story starts with the Elizabethan and Jacobean age, the Italian summer of medieval chivalry: last tournament probably took place in 1624. Then, skipping the Age of Reason, we jump to the Windsor Castle of George III, the Coronation of George IV, and the novels of Sir Walter Scott. More than anyone it was the Laird of Abbotsford who began that translation of chivalry into a code of manners for Victorian gentlemen which is Girouard's central theme. "We can only now look back on it," Scott explains, "as a beautiful and fantastic piece of frostwork, which has dissolved in the beams of the sun." Chivalry survived only in so far as its best elements had been absorbed into the code of a gentleman: "From the wild and overstrained courtesies of Chivalry has been derived our present system of manners." Byron's scorn for medieval bric-a-brac - he talks of "monstrous mummeries" in the preface to *Childe Harold* (1813) - was the scorn of a Regency buck. Such attitudes were soon eclipsed. By the 1840s there was a new reverence in the salons of London, and elsewhere the armoury had replaced the sculpture gallery as the focus of country-house taste.

But the book which launched the Victorian revival of chivalry was neither *Quentin Durward* (1822) nor *The Tithman* (1825), nor even

Ivanhoe (1820). That book was *The Brontë Stone of Honour*, and its author was Kenelm Henry Digby. It first appeared anonymously in 1822 and 1823, with the subtitle "Rules for the Gentlemen of England". An expanded edition, subtitled "The True Sense and Practice of Chivalry", appeared under Digby's name in four volumes in 1828-29 and 1844-48, enlarged to five volumes in 1877. These were followed in 1831-40 by eleven more gargantuan tomes entitled *Mores Catholici, or Ages of Faith*. Burne-Jones kept them by his bedside: all his life. "Sillyish books both of them," he confessed, "but I can't help it, I like them." Digby came of an Anglo-Irish gentry family, and claimed Sir Kenelm Digby, the seventeenth-century natural philosopher, as a kinsman. Edward Fitzgerald remembered him as "a grand, swarthy fellow, who might have stepped out of the canvas of some knightly portrait in his father's house - perhaps the living image of one sleeping under some cross-legged effigies in the church". As an undergraduate at Trinity, Cambridge, he was already besotted with the Middle Ages: one night he hid in King's College Chapel, and kept vigil there till dawn. In 1825 he became a Roman Catholic. His vision of the medieval world was now complete. "The Brontë Stone of Honour," Dr Girouard explains,

is full of enemies. They include atheists, deists, rationalists, Radicals, Americans, Utilitarians, and supporters of both dictatorship and democracy. . . . The distinctive virtues of the chivalrous man, according to Digby, were belief and trust in God, generosity, high honour, independence, truthfulness, loyalty to friends and leaders, hardness and contempt of luxury, courtesy, modesty, humanity, and respect for women. . . . Anyone who possessed or acquired these qualities was chivalrous, and therefore a

gentleman; chivalry had no essential connexion with birth. . . . [For Digby] character [was] more important than intellect. . . . [and] the money-making class was. . . the origin of nearly all that was wrong in England.

Digby, therefore, was "one of the founding fathers of the cold bath and the cold pipe," and he taught Victorian gentlemen to despise money - that is money derived from trade, unhallowed by age.

Digby was a Romantic Tory, and his most celebrated followers were the Romantic Tories of Young England. But several of those who shared his idealized view of the Middle Ages might be described as Williamite Radicals. Matthew and William Russell of Brimley Castle, Lord Brougham of Brimley Hall, Lord Durham of Lambton Castle, Charles Tennyson of Bayons Manor, Colonel Widdrington of Newcastle Abbey, Edward Bulwer-Lytton of Knebworth: all these combined paternalism and radicalism, a love of battlements and a love of land. Their creed was the creed of the Duke of St. Aldegonde in Disraeli's novel *Lothair*: "St. Aldegonde held extreme opinions, especially on political affairs, being a republican of the reddest dye. He was opposed to privilege, and indeed to all orders of men, except dukes, who were a necessity. He was also strongly in favour of the equal division of all property, except land. Liberty depended on land, and the greater the landowners, the greater the liberty."

This dream of an organic community, hierarchical, pre-industrial and content - a dream adumbrated with rather more subtlety by Coleridge and Southey - had of course its comic side. Girouard's chapter on the Eglinton Tournament (1839) - and its dress-rehearsal in St John's

Wood - makes the most of that memorable fiasco. So does his account of the young Victoria and Albert dancing at a fancy-dress ball at Buckingham Palace in 1842, disguised as Edward III and Queen Philippa. (Even Sir Robert Peel came in Van Dyck costume.)

It was Thomas Carlyle and the Christian Socialists - J. M. Ludlow, F. D. Maurice, Charles Kingsley, Thomas Hughes and E. V. Neale - who translated such frivolities into the language of muscular Christianity. And it was the great, post-Arnold, public school headmasters - Cotton of Marlborough, Perceval of Clifton, Warre of Eton - who in turn instilled muscular Christianity into the minds and bodies of every schoolboy generation between 1850 and the Great War. And into the Second World War too: my own school had a Gothic chimneypiece by Tielon, inscribed "Fight the Good Fight", festooned with sporting trophies and flanked by portraits of VCs. "Eton chapel had Sir Galahad in oil, Clifton chapel had him in stained glass. Eton produced Field Marshal Earl Roberts, Clifton produced Field Marshal Earl Haig. . . . Eton boys swung together in Johnson's 'Boating Song'; Clifton boys thundered towards the twilight goal in Newbolt's 'The Best School of All'." The Georgian gentleman had been a man of taste. His Victorian counterpart was, above all, a man of honour.

Pre-Raphaelite attitudes and Courty Love - the chivalric spirit transmuted into art and manners - might almost be seen as an escape route from public school mores. Girouard certainly has great fun with the Four Friends of Baddesley Clintoo and the life and loves of Wilfrid Seaven Blunt. The paintings of Burne-Jones represented - confessedly - a landscape of dreams. "The curtain has been lifted," Walter Crane recalled,

"and we had a glimpse into . . . a twilight world of dark mysterious woodland, haunted streams, meads of dark green starred with burning flowers, veiled in a dim and mystic light, and stained with low-toned crimson and gold." Still, the moral landscape of Newbolt's Clifton was not so very far away. Tennyson, in fact, supplied a direct link between both worlds: "Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King".

Towards the end of the Victorian age, all these strands - romantic, Christian, neo-feudal - found their fulfilment in the imperial dream. Between 1874 and 1902 the British Empire was increased by 4,750,000 square miles. "I contend," announced Cecil Rhodes in 1877, "that we are the first race in the world, and that the more of the world we inhabit, the better it is for the human race." The qualities of future Rhodes Scholars were to echo the qualities of Kenelm Digby's Christian gentleman: "fondness of, and success in many outdoor sports . . . qualities of oakwood, truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for the protection of the weak, kindness, unselfishness and fellowship" - qualities held to be far more important than personal drive, business sense or even "literary and scholastic attainments". These were the qualities which cast a golden glow about the English gentleman in his decline. These were the qualities handed on from Malory to Tennyson, from Kenelm Digby to Baden-Powell, from Carlyle and Kingsley to Gordon and Captain Oates. These were the qualities which went down at last in the mud and blood of Flanders.

Thank God we know they bailed well in the last great game of all.

"There are times," Dr Girouard concludes, "when the Great War can seem like a nightmare parody of the Eglinton Tournament".

The decent knightly thing

By Sydney Anglo

MALCOLM VALE: War and Chivalry. 266pp. 30 plates. Duckworth. £18. 0 7156 1042 2

"It is impossible to be chivalrous without a horse", wrote the late Denholm-Young, thereby imposing an intolerable burden upon those who hold open doors for ladies, help the elderly across crowded thoroughfares, or in any way succour the weak and afflicted. The problem is not merely semantic. Is the historian to interpret ideas so rigidly that any change is regarded as decay; or is he to recognize that ideas, like knights, are errant and that it is his business to enable a reader to follow these changes wherever they may lead?

Chivalry is a special problem for it has almost always been deemed decadent. Already in the twelfth century it seemed contaminated by adulterous courtly love; and in the thirteenth century there were ample signs of degeneracy: ladies attended shows where transvestite knights might sometimes be locked in combat; Henri de Loen regretted that knights were motivated in tournaments by greed alone; and Lull attempted to stop the rot by giving knighthood the status of clergy and encouraging warriors to learn how to read. Two hundred years later, Caxton translated Lull's *Ordre of Chivalry* to remedy the ineptitude of contemporary knights; and 150 years later still Vulson collected a mass of material - much of it from the fifteenth century - showing the corrupt nobility of his own day how they ought to behave.

Modern historians, too, have been troubled by chivalric decay. Impressed by the distance between the lofty principles of honour expressed in literature and the brutal realities of warfare and political behaviour, they have tended to regard the fourteenth and, more especially, the fifteenth centuries as the truly decadent era - a view reinforced by the commonly held opinion that, by this time, changing military techniques had rendered the heavy cavalry charge virtually obsolete as the prime battlefield winner. This orthodoxy has coloured every aspect of the study of the period; and Malcolm Vale's purpose is to test its validity. As he admits in his opening sentence, "the cult of chivalry in the Middle Ages is not a subject that lends itself easily to analysis"; but he shares Huizinga's belief that "every delusion or opinion of an epoch" has the status of a fact - something still frequently ignored by historians who consider that the irration between ideas and practical affairs is altogether too treacherous a ground on which to tread. The author modestly states his purpose as being a "consideration of some aspects of the relationship between the chivalric ideals of honour and virtue and their expression in war, politics and ceremony during the fifteenth century"; and the structure of his book closely pursues this aim after a short introduction setting out Huizinga's influential evocation of the Middle Ages.

The literature of honour and virtue is first discussed, and the classic inspiration of much Burgundian writing, with its emphasis on the Roman concepts of discipline and service in peace and war, revealed. The old nobility, faced by "clerics et gens de robe longue", recognized the value of education and the fact that birth was no longer sufficient to maintain supremacy at court. There was thus a demand for illumination on the nature of nobility; and a series of didactic works addressed the emboldening effects of physical courage and fear in this an undercurrent which Dr Vale recognizes but does not sufficiently bring out. Under the guise of service, nobles were developing skills in self-advancement to counter the achievements of non-noble counsellors. This was to be crucial, consequences in the sixteenth century as knights were transmuted into courtiers; and, whereas Vale de-

fects an increasing emphasis on nobility of virtue, Castiglione's perfect courtier, so popular throughout the later Renaissance, was still expected to be of noble birth.

Vale next (Chapter Two) tackles orders of chivalry, generally regarded as evidence of a gross discrepancy between excited aspirations and "decadent aristocratic frivolity", but here shown to have been politically purposive. That the insignia of a knightly order could be employed in diplomacy is obvious and, though its practical efficacy in this respect was severely limited, much the same might be said of the dynastic marriage. More positive results were achieved, and doubtless expected, from the very structure of an order such as the Toison d'Or which was so decisively under the sovereignty of the ruler that, if you appeared in public wearing the collar of the order, "you were the Duke of Burgundy's man". Philip the Good was sufficiently astute to exploit its unifying and disciplinary potentialities.



though under his clumsy and inflexible son, it was employed "not merely as an instrument of control, but of prosecution", and its chivalric pretensions founded.

The tournament was another attempt to transpose chivalric ideas into actuality, generally adjudged by historians as a total failure. Vale devotes his third chapter to the problems posed by the antithesis between violent early tournaments and their fifteenth-century successors. Central to this issue is the relationship between mock combat and real warfare; and here the direction of the author's argument is unclear. That the tournament was truly the "school of prowess" for much of its history is indisputable. However, despite the fact that the evolution of lance technique was virtually complete before the end of the fourteenth century, new methods of battle combining more efficient projectile weaponry and infantry organization had already robbed the heavy cavalry of its supremacy. It did enjoy a renaissance towards the end of the period under discussion, but the knight was no longer the most significant force in battle.

This prompts two queries. One of these, as to the way in which knights often adapted to new better integrated military techniques, is well dealt with in this book. The other concerns whether or not the tournament remained a realistic training ground for war; and this is less well investigated. The views of Geoffroi de Charny are cited but, since they apply to the first half of the fourteenth century, are scarcely relevant. Nor is René d'Anjou's tournament treatise helpful, because it is "practical" only for those concerned with the organization of ceremonial and says nothing about fighting. Similarly, Caxton's exhortation to Richard III to organize tournaments of peace at least once a year shows how little he understood about the amount of practice needed to manipulate the heavy lance. Moreover, to lay stress on personal combat, as Vale does, in order to establish a relationship between the growing popularity of the tilt and the realities of battle, seems wrong-headed in view of the direction in which war was evolving. It is true that Castiglione recommended both participation in tilts and tournaments.

neys and individual deeds of bravery in battle; but this serves only to demonstrate the longevity of chivalric notions, and Castiglione's own incapacity as a soldier and military thinker.

The crucial point is this: the tilt became the most popular form of mock combat precisely because it was simultaneously the safest way for knights to perform quasi-military evolutions before spectators, and the simplest contest to regulate, watch, and score. In fact, Vale's emphasis on the large set-piece tournaments of the Burgundian court does little to advance his case, this would have been better served by reference to the more frequent small-scale encounters, which indicate that some warriors at least were anxious to keep up their military training. The scores achieved by competing knights are also illuminating. The standard of tilting in the late fifteenth century was alarmingly variable and even this deteriorated as chivalry entered the sixteenth century. Commynes's sneer

at the incompetence of Burgundian knights at Montlhéry may not, after all, be so wide of the mark. Having insisted that the distinction between real and mock battle has been exaggerated, Vale proceeds (Chapter Four) to the techniques of war itself in order to evaluate the mounted knight, who has normally been regarded as an anachronism before the fifteenth century, and considered increasingly irrelevant by the use of artillery and hand-guns on the battlefield. Nonetheless, the survival of such cavalry, despite its colossal expense and alleged ineptitude, is a paradox which merits investigation: though perhaps one should not be too ready to dismiss, as does the author, the obvious explanation of prejudice and innate conservatism on the part of the nobility. Such attitudes persist in the military estate; and the seriousness with which the value of cavalry was assessed between the two World Wars testifies to the degree of unpreparedness and uneasily possible even in the twentieth century.

Vale provides a good, concise, technical account of developments in the strength and mobility of armour, which enabled knights to meet the threat of English long-bows, and Scottish and Swiss spears, pikes, and halberds. As he neatly puts it, "to possess an armour stamped with a double armoured mark, tested by crossbow fire at point-blank range, was clearly the best material guarantee against sudden death in warfare". Unfortunately, not every knight could afford such insurance. It is right, too, to stress the value of Butlin's study of the evolution of the lance; but Butlin's comments both on the growing difficulty of handling such a ponderous weapon, and the frequent failure of the *arbit de cuirasse*, suggest that the man/horse projectile was nowhere near as reliable as might have been wished. Given the other late heavy cavalry was still requisite for decisive victory in the field until the third decade of the sixteenth century when, at last, the development of new pistol tactics and more effective hand-guns, radically altered the nature of mounted combat. The point had been reached where armour of a weight sufficient to afford protection rendered the knight useless. The impact of

firearms upon chivalric ideals as well as practice, was crucial and is well discussed here, especially with regard to siege work, and it is noteworthy that there was no general condemnation of the new techniques by the nobility, many of whom adjusted comfortably to changing weaponry. We might add that, by the early sixteenth century, monarchs such as the Emperor Maximilian, James IV of Scotland, and Henry VIII were all manifesting a personal interest in the manufacture and handling of artillery.

To conclude his study Vale offers a number of observations on the response of the nobility to the fundamental military changes which took place from the late fifteenth century: ever more effective use of artillery in battle; the increasing impersonality of warfare with the growth of standing armies, technical specialization, and an over-all tendency towards uniformity and formal discipline; and the effects of the massive lust for booty and extreme callousness evinced by the Swiss and German mercenaries. Here again, I am uncertain about the direction of the argument. Vale says of the mercenaries' behaviour that "their methods could only erode the chivalric ethic and increase the horror of war"; but he also describes the brutality commonplace in the campaigns waged by the Burgundian nobility, and others, from the late fourteenth century; most markedly in the war against Ghent in 1451-53. Does this mean that chivalry was not outmoded because it had nothing to learn from the new violence? Or does it mean that the gap between chivalric pretensions and military nastiness was already well long before the supposed "Waning of the Middle Ages"? Similarly, what conclusions are to be drawn from the assertions that, on the one hand, single combat (and the associated notion of personal honour) "retained its importance" while, on the other, firearms and pike formations ensured that "the unit, not the individual, played the dominant part in battle"?

Nor does the too-brief discussion of the duel really help to support Vale's conclusion that the "Renaissance cult of honour and fame owed more than it was prepared to acknowledge to the medieval cult of chivalry". That conclusion is, in itself, correct but the route whereby it is reached is crooked, and its implications are not fully realised. The skills required in the duel of honour dramatically distinguished the bourgeoisie of the sixteenth-century noble from that of his predecessor. Personal combats *à l'outrance* had been fairly common between steel-cased mounted knights wielding their armour-piercing or smashing weapons - as in the fights of such bullies as John Astley or Richard Beauchamp. But in the sixteenth century knights intent upon the avenging of an insult not only dismounted and shed their cumbersome metal suits, but also took to prodigious each other with rapiers. An immense literature rapidly spread abroad, attempting to reduce sword-play to scientific principles. Yet none of this had anything to do with military practice. This lethal dexterity was designed for the courtly psychopath and was quite unsuited to the modern field of battle. To talk of a continuity between chivalric idealism and Renaissance attitudes towards reputation and honour is a misleading truth.

Despite these criticisms, *War and Chivalry* is a well-researched, lucidly written, and valuable attempt to cope with a particularly difficult problem which remains of cardinal importance to all those in any way concerned with the history of chivalry - that is to anybody seriously interested in medieval and Renaissance ideas. Its very ambiguities, contradictions, and uncertainties of direction reflect not only the difficulties of the subject but also the fact that there can never be really neat and tidy answers in the history of ideas.

Arthur and anti-Arthur

By D. D. R. Owen

TOSHIOYUKI TAKAMIYA and DEREK BREWER (Editors): Aspects of Malory. 232pp. Cambridge: D. S. Brewer. £17.50. 0 85991 068 7

KARL HEINZ GÖLLER (Editor): The Alliterative Morte Arthure A Renaissance of the Poem. 186pp. Cambridge: D. S. Brewer. £17.50. 0 85991 075 X

Full of sound scholarship, and printed almost without blemish, these two volumes introduce a new series devoted to Arthurian Studies. The subject is one of today's few growth industries. Why should this be so? How does one explain the perennial fascination exerted by the "once and future king"? Is it born of a nostalgia for his far-off golden days (they tarish before our eyes in the *Alliterative Morte Arthure*)? Perhaps our national pride is rekindled by the memory of a British Charlemagne. It was, after all, under the influence of the *Chariemagne* legend that Arthur's own legend developed and took hold; and in the past it has certainly served political and ideological aspirations.

But the book which launched the Victorian revival of chivalry was neither *Quentin Durward* (1822) nor *The Tithman* (1825), nor even

Yet it attracts scholars and, more important, a loyal public far beyond Britain; and it is not insignificant that a co-editor of the first volume in the series is Japanese. The truth is that the legend's fortune was made once it was adopted by some of the finest craftsmen in world literature; for they, in turn, have inspired artists, musicians, and a host of tellers of tales who have mediated between the literary master-works and the popular imagination.

Malory may not have been the most subtle of these craftsmen but, as some of the essays devoted to him here show, he was much more than a jolting summarizer and renovator of inherited texts. Jill Mann, for instance, concludes from her study of the concept of adventure that what he has to say transcends simple ideas of knighthood to embrace "an actuality which exists for us as for him"; and Mary Hynes-Berry finds spiritual force as well as originality in his transposition of the Grail quest from the French. Derek Brewer's introductory survey charts the main currents in Malorian interpretation and indicates special areas of pre-occupation such as the nature of his sources and the order in which he handled them, topics that have their exponents here. We are intrigued by an appraisal of Malory's Englishness by a second Japanese scholar; and, after some intricate detective work in matters of palaeography and bibliography, the proceedings are closed by the almost traditional identity parade, with Richard R. Griffith's confident finger pointing not to the shady gentleman from Newbolt, Revel, but to a Thomas Malory of Papworth St Agnes.

The volume is dedicated to the memory of Eugene Vinaver, who contributed to it a typically learned and illuminating essay on Malory's prose style. Vinaver's death cast a cloud over the twelfth international gathering of the Arthurian Society at Regensburg in 1975, where one of the texts under special scrutiny was the stirring romance (or epic or tragedy or *roman à clef*, depending

on one's viewpoint), the *Alliterative Morte Arthure* (AMA). It is from a selection of papers delivered at that congress that Karl Heinz Göller has compiled his volume, for which he passes in review the critical bottlenecks. He then gives his own interpretation of the AMA, regarding it as an anti-romance and a warning to rulers on the folly of war, a view which, in a further contribution, colours his reading of Arthur's dream of the dragon and bear.

Another scholar, Maureen Fries, sees the poem as the tragedy of a flawed monarch; but Arthur, says Anke Janssen in his analysis of the dream of Fortune's wheel, is not a truly tragic hero. To Manfred Markus a review of the language and style reveals paradox, ambiguity and a deep authorial scepticism. Other chapters deal with the poet's audience, his heraldic descriptions, and his use of formulae and conventional elements rendered ironic by their context, and with the legends that punctuate the narrative. In the latter feature, Renate Haas finds significant analogies with the *Chanson de Roland*; and here is something that deserves further exploration. Indeed, an examination of the AMA in the light of the whole Charlemagne tradition might put some of the poet's attitudes into a new perspective and perhaps modify the fashionably harsh judgments on the figure of Arthur as presented here.

For in this volume the doomed monarch receives more censure than admiration or sympathy. His lavish feast signals out his largesse but his gluttony, his pride is derided as sinful arrogance; and, as for his martial prowess, this is an expression of his blind hatred and brutality; he is a "brutal and barbaric conqueror, who cares nothing for the laws of God and chivalry" (Göller). In short, a moral degenerate. Gwynn, his nephew is little better, lacking wisdom and moderation, and bloodthirsty in his monomaniacal obsession with revenge. The case against him is argued from the text. It is, though, one that could equally

be made against Charlemagne and Roland. One of the greatest strengths of these legends, and one that rises them above the level of the folk tale, is precisely that their heroes are not ideal figures, but share the follies and failings of common mortality. The medieval epic and romance at their best did temper glorious heroism with error and human frailty, and the most gifted authors saw and expressed both sides in narratives touched by ambivalence and frequently (if less often than some might claim) by irony. Critics, on the other hand, are more inclined to the monoptic view as they pursue their own particular lines of interpretation, keen to exalt the poets into their own clubs, governed just as much by the fashions and prejudices of the day as were the medieval writers.

The greatest of the Arthurian romances (with the pious exception of the *Queste del Saint Graal*) were not so much exemplary as discussion pieces aimed at intelligent public, posing a variety of problems but leaving the answers open. If that is true of Malory, it is more so of the poet of the AMA. In these two Arthurian volumes, no questions perhaps receive their final answers; but the discussions are as shrewdly conducted as they are stimulating.

The *Proceedings of the Bottle Conference on Anglo-Norman Studies III* 1980, has recently been published (241pp. Woodbridge: Boydell Press. £17.50. 0 85115 142 6). This third volume of the *Proceedings* has been edited by R. Allan Brown and in the introduction he reads at the corporales the papers read at the Conference held in July 1980 at Battle, Sussex. The topics discussed include "The Romanesque rebuilding of Westminster Abbey" by R. D. H. Gam, "The *Gesta Normannorum Ducum*" by Elizabeth M. C. van Houts, "The coming of the Cnutics by Brian Golding, "Land and power in the eleventh century" by Ann Williams, and "The beginnings of the Honour of Clare" by Richard Mor-

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Microcosms of old Cairo

By M. M. Badawi

NAGUIB MAHFOUZ:
Children of Gebelawi
Translated by Philip Stewart
355pp. Heinemann. £3.50.
0 435 91225 3

Few people will deny that the Egyptian writer Naguib Mahfouz is the leading novelist in the Arab world, or that he is the most significant figure to have arisen this century in the history of the Arabic novel. Yet, paradoxically, of all writers he is perhaps the most peculiarly Egyptian in sensibility, outlook and background - and that despite the underlying universality of the themes in many of his works. Other Arab novelists who produce works of literary merit appear from time to time, both in Egypt and elsewhere, but few write more than one or two truly interesting novels, and certainly no one has approached in output, variety, originality and seriousness Mahfouz's achievement.

Born in 1911 in the old quarter of Cairo, al-Gamaliyya, the setting of several of his novels, Mahfouz began to publish as early as 1934, soon after he graduated in philosophy from the secular university in Cairo. He began with popular articles on philosophy and the history of ideas, together with short stories, and subsequently turned to writing novels. It was not, however, until 1957, with the publication of his trilogy, that he received the acclaim he deserved. For two decades he continued to toil over his fiction in relative obscurity - his friends gave him the nickname *Sahr*, alluding to his infinite patience, and his perseverance in devoting his spare time to writing (since for most of his life he worked to earn his living as a civil servant).

Mahfouz began his career as a novelist with historical fiction, publishing three novels in the genre between 1939 and 1944. In these works, the imaginative reconstruction of the ancient Egyptian past is less important than Mahfouz's use of the distant Pharaonic setting as a vehicle for commentary on the political and social situation of contemporary Egypt. In this he succeeded to some extent: there is implied criticism of the tyranny of King Farouk in *Radiabis* and a pronounced feeling of nationalist resentment against the foreign (and hence British) occupation of Egypt in *Thebes' Struggle*. However, Mahfouz soon abandoned Pharaonic times for the contemporary Egyptian and specifically Cairene setting. This was a wise decision, not least because he was ill-suited to the historical novel. His next work, *Khan al-Khalili* (1945), began a series of eight novels in which he emerged as the master par excellence of the Egyptian realistic novel, the chronicle of twentieth-century Egypt, and its most vocal social and political conscience. With titles taken from the names of streets of old Cairo, the novels offer a panoramic vista of the Egyptian lower and lower-middle classes, with the minute details of their daily lives vividly and lovingly portrayed. Unlike Lawrence Durrell's Alexandria, Mahfouz's Cairo has more than mere romantic imaginative validity: it is a recognizable, physical presence, its powerful impact upon the lives of characters as memorable as that of Dickens's London, Dostoevsky's St Petersburg or Zola's Paris.

Mahfouz's realistic art reaches its peak in his trilogy, published in 1956-57, but clearly written before the 1952 Revolution. The early novels, *Khan al-Khalili* (1945), *New Cairo* (1946), *Midnight Alley* (1947) (available in English translation), and *A Beginning and an End* (1951) deal in the main with the pressures and drama of life in Egypt during the Second World War. The trilogy, on the other hand, *Bayn al-Qasrayn*, *Qasr al-Shiwa* and *al-Sukkoriyya*, traces the fortunes of a Cairene family over three generations, beginning in the second decade of the twentieth century, roughly coinciding with the growth of the nationalist

movement that culminated in the 1919 revolution, and ending with the Second World War. The destinies of the individual characters are the microcosm, but the macrocosm is the destiny of modern Egypt. The tragedies, the sufferings, the conflicts of the men and women who people these novels reflect the larger social, intellectual and political changes in one significant part of the modern Arab world. The struggle of the younger generation to attain their domestic freedom, to shape their own lives, mirrors the nation's struggle to achieve political independence and to free itself from the shackles of outward and debilitating, almost medieval conventions in a gigantic endeavour to become part of the modern world. The slow unfolding of events, the meticulous enumeration of detail, the heavy sociological documentation, the constant authorial presence, the anxious concern to produce a tightly knit plot, the scrupulous care to maintain an objective stance, give these novels, despite their unmistakable Egyptian character, the air of nineteenth-century European fiction. To the criticism that they took no account of modernist techniques, Mahfouz replied that, although he was not unaware of Modernism, he felt that technique was determined by the writer's material and vision of life, and was not something to be imposed arbitrarily from without. Herein lies Mahfouz's strength: unlike lesser writers he has never been dazzled by the latest literary fashion.

Between the completion of the trilogy and the appearance of *The Children of Gebelawi* in 1959 (now available in a very able translation by Philip Stewart), Mahfouz wrote nothing for more than five years, a silence all the more baffling in view of the prolific output of earlier and later years. His own recorded explanation is that with the coming of the Nasser Revolution he felt he had nothing further to say, since it was pointless to continue to criticize the *ancien régime*. But clearly the novelist must have experienced something of a spiritual crisis, partly responsible for the change in emphasis, form and theme which occurred in his work when it was later resumed. *The Children of Gebelawi* (in Arabic: *Awlad Harut*) is one of the few allegorical novels in Arabic. The events, true enough, still take place in Cairo, but unlike the earlier novels, which are set in a particular place and at a particular juncture in modern Egyptian history, *The Children of Gebelawi* evokes the general atmosphere of Old Cairo. In an almost timeless period, although it is clearly before the late nineteenth century. The timelessness is perhaps appropriate, since the theme is, in fact, the whole of human history and man's quest for religion from Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, Moses, Jesus, Muhammad, right down to the last of the prophets, the modern man of science, the man indirectly responsible for the death of their ancestor, Gebelawi, the Mountain Man, who clearly stands for God. These figures are given thinly disguised Arabic names which, together with a brief outline of the main events in their lives, immediately reveal their true identity. They are portrayed as the heroes of an imaginary story who come from time to time to rebel against the violent tyranny of the *status quo*. Structurally it is an interesting work: instead of the slow tempo of the earlier novels we have in effect a number of very fast-moving short novellas, held together by means of certain parallels and continuities and, of course, one unifying concept. Significantly, the novel is divided into 114 chapters, the same number as that of the chapters or *suras* of the Koran, a feature which in this context cannot be dismissed as mere coincidence. Mahfouz, here, is giving modern man's view of the stories of prophecy narrated in the Koran.

Yet although *The Children of Gebelawi* deals primarily with metaphysical questions such as the nature of evil and the meaning of

life, the moments of spiritual illumination or religious ecstasy are few and far between. The driving force behind all the prophets is not so much the sense of man's essential need for God's comfort in a frighteningly insecure universe, as a keen awareness of social injustice and the evil perpetrated by man against man. In this respect *The Children of Gebelawi* forms a link with the rest of Mahfouz's work. On the other hand, even in his sociological novels Mahfouz's philosophical preoccupations, no doubt the product of his early intellectual formation, are never entirely absent. The conflict between science and religion, and the influence of Auguste Comte's logical positivism are clearly marked in his early writings, particularly in the character of Kamal Abd al-Jawwad in the trilogy. And it is this interpenetration of the philosophical, religious and the social, political and psychological that gives Mahfouz's novels, particularly his later works, their peculiar resonance and richness of texture, their many layers of meaning.

For Mahfouz went on to write more, and much greater, novels after *The Children of Gebelawi*, which constitutes an impressive, though imperfect, landmark in the development of his art as a novelist (in fact, more than twenty volumes of short stories and novels have appeared since 1959). As a novel *The Children of Gebelawi* suffers from serious defects: it is too repetitive, too full of fighting, too fast-moving, too thickly populated to allow for convincing characterization and, for a work on man's religious quest, it is too explicitly prosaic and lacking in the poetic spirit. Its interest lies chiefly on the level of themes and ideas, although its message is not exactly redolent of hope. Yet its spiritual preoccupations, its existentialist terror of death, point forward to future works. The next novel Mahfouz published was *The Thief and the Dogs* (1961), which marked the beginning of a new phase of shorter novels concentrating on one protagonist, more dramatic in nature, more lyrical in style, more subtly symbolical in mode, employing stream-of-consciousness techniques as well as other modernistic devices in keeping with the nature of their subject. In them we have the poetry of realism, an indissoluble mixture of the political, the psychological, the metaphysical and the mystical. In several, notably in *The Beggar* (1965) and *Chit Chat on the Nile* (1966), the obsessive spiritual quest leads to disturbing states of consciousness in which the borderline between illusion and reality is blurred and the distinction between past and present obliterated. Yet, despite their metaphysical dimension, they provide an eloquent and sensitive index to the mood and temper of Egypt since Nasser's revolution. It is a pity that hardly any of these important novels have so far been translated into English, although it must be admitted that they pose severe problems to the translator.

Mahfouz once described the development of his art, analogically but with tongue in cheek, as a journey from Scott to Sartre. In a sense, albeit a limited one, this is true; but European influences on his writing, whether in his realistic or in his existentialist phase, have, on the whole, been of a very general nature and not easily attributable to this single Western author or that. Throughout, his novels have remained profoundly Egyptian. And a cursory look at his more recent work will show that this gifted writer's experimentation with the novel form is by no means over.

In *The Islamic Middle East, 700-1900* (838pp. Princeton: New Jersey: Darwin Press, \$24.95, 0 87850 030 8), A. L. Udovitch has assembled a collection of essays to present a conspectus of the social and economic history of the region. The volume forms part of the Princeton Studies on the Near East Series and derives from a seminar held at that university in 1974.

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Controlling the Controller

By Richard Osborne

ROBERT SIMPSON:
The Proms and Natural Justice
A Plan for Renewal
66pp. Toccata Press. £1.95.
0 917689 00 0

Those of us who have been attending or hearing the Henry Wood Promenade Concerts over recent weeks may be surprised by the sub-title of Robert Simpson's monograph. "A Plan for Renewal" may have rung true twenty-five years ago but in the midst of an enterprising and substantially successful season it sounds uncommonly like a plea for the cleansing of the Augean stables shortly after Heracles' visit.

Nonetheless, Dr Simpson is a distinguished musician and his case has been widely noticed. In essence, it is that he finds it "morally indefensible" that one person should control Prom planning for an indefinite period of time. From this tendentious beginning a blueprint for reform is derived, based primarily on the concept of a limited-term external appointee and the strategic and more or less exclusive use of the five BBC house orchestras for the Promenade season.

There is more to the matter, though, than this: for what Simpson's monograph charts, in a bewildering mix of ethics and musicology, is an old-fashioned power struggle bred over the years by the competing pressures within the musical profession itself. With the BBC management cast in the role of a cryptically disinterested Renaissance ruler, Simpson sets the stage for a drama in which the decent graft of informed professionals is subject, unprotected, to the whims of libertine entrepreneurs. Simpson versus Glock is a bit like Shylock versus Antonio. As in all such power struggles there is a good deal of moral posturing, and nothing is more alarming, in Simpson's case, than the resort, from the title onwards, to fuzzily defined ethics.

The origin of the problem is the appointment of William Glock to the BBC's position of Controller, Music, in 1958 and Glock's own immediate assumption of responsibility for all the BBC's live music-making in London, including the Proms. Glock, it is conceded in one of the oddest sentences in the book, "had no doubt (sic) snatched the Proms from a fate worse than death". He is nonetheless pictured in Simpson's dramatic scenario as a man agonizing over the moral impropriety of his holding so influential a post until death or retirement intervened.

Simpson's "moral indefensibility" is, however, an adaptable phenomenon, for on page 5 of his book he asserts that Sir Henry Wood "was (and in my view remains) the only man to have the right (sic) to hear it singly". A first-year philosophy course or, perhaps, an evening with Tillich's *Love, Power, and Justice* might have strengthened, if not Simpson's case, then at least the accuracy of the terms in which he chooses to formulate it.

It is disconcerting to find Simpson cast in such a role. A distinguished composer and the author of several notable books (his *The Essence of Bruckner* the kind of thing only a fellow-composer could have written), he is a formidable musical analyst. Yet there is in *The Proms and Natural Justice* a persistently disingenuous note. At one point there appears a list of twenty-one composers of whom Simpson personally approves who found no place in the Prom programmes in the Glock years. Seven of the composers appear to have escaped the notice of the recording companies, too; but that is hardly material alongside the larger point that such a list would have carried greater weight had it been supplemented by the names of those composers whom Glock did introduce. I sense a disingenuous note, too, in Simpson's statement that he has "no personal stake in the matter". A good deal of his case has been fomented, one suspects, by a body with which he is, not unreasonably, connected: The Composers' Guild of Great Britain. On the principle that three throws of the dice are better than one, the Guild clearly would have preferred three players to one between 1958 and 1973. (On page 53 Simpson openly states that Benjamin Franklin's chances would no doubt have been improved had anyone other than Glock been Proms planner in that period.) In suggesting the replacement of the BBC's Controller, Music, as Proms planner by a short-term external appointee, Simpson is, of course, proposing a scheme in which such Guilds, Associations and other pressure groups with partial aims would be expected to have a decisive say.

This, though, is by no means the most sinister aspect of the proposals Simpson lays before us. His additional plan, one which involves substantial financial savings, is to base the Proms more or less exclusively upon the BBC's five house orchestras, an arrangement which would give his new-style planner unparalleled autonomy in the shaping of the Promenade Concert repertoire. Naturally, in proposing so radical a scheme, Simpson is bound to set about defending the quality of the BBC's provincial orchestras. Quoting

Fortwangler's remark that there are no bad orchestras, only bad conductors, he points to what many of us have experienced: the radio transmission which we have joined midway, admitted, and discovered to be the work not of the Berlin Philharmonic but the BBC Welsh. Unhappily, it is a case which doesn't entirely cohere. Putting aside the evident fallacy of the concept that all orchestras are equal before God and their conductors, there is the additional point that radio transmissions are not the same as concert-hall listening and the further (and decisive) point that it is not possible to apply the productive principle of "the innocent ear" in the course of live concert-going. However one may dislike star conductors (Simpson, like many of his fellows, seems to distrust them deeply), a Giulini account of Rossini's *Semra Mater* is undeniably an event. Radio orchestras have, in recent times, given exceptional service: one thinks of the pioneering work of English and German radio orchestras under men like Horenstein, Rosbuden, and Boulez. There have been examples of Kleiber in Cologne, Frisay in Berlin, and Colburn in Munich. But who, one must ask, is going to the BBC in Manchester or Cardiff except as a stepping-stone? It is highly uncertain that these orchestras could produce the "magnificent" concerts Simpson envisages. But then, their role in his plan is ultimately more strategic than musical.

There is, in fact, something Corbuser-like about Simpson's concept of the totally planned Prom environment, built out of neutral, malleable materials, and shorn of all redundant capitalist chic. At one point, the image of the architect is actually invoked. "The Prom planner would be nearer the architect than ever before," Simpson wistfully declares. Like all planners, he is much enamoured of abstract "themes", imperceptible to the nightly audience but splendid to contemplate on the planner's desk - symphony cycles, cycles of "unduly neglected works", works related by "the same or similar poetry and philosophy", and so on. Elsewhere, inadvertently or not, Simpson's vocabulary strays into a recognizably Eastern European strain. We read of "marshalling", of "total command" of the provincial orchestras' tours abroad as "useful propaganda" for English orchestral standards. It is even posited that the Prommers might be taught some manners. As is so often the case, what emerges is a blueprint, not for liberation and renewal, but for a tyranny more rigorous than anything imposed by Glock's brilliant opportunism or the imaginative, enterprising, and doggedly fair-minded work of his successor, Robert Pensonby.

Ironically, Simpson's vital principle of "programme first, performer second" is one which, in decent measure, the Proms appear still to follow. It is the once-innovative Edinburgh Festival (which is run on Simpson's principle of a director appointed on a short-term contract) which has been forced by financial and commercial pressures to break with this admirable ideal. For who can doubt that the liturgically dubious decision to open this year's Festival with the *St Matthew Passion* was determined by anything other than Abbado's desire to tackle the work in a suitably prestigious international forum? And who, looking at this year's Edinburgh programme, can but conclude that the Proms offer incomparably the richer musical fare?

I have left till last, though, one of the most worrying aspects of Simpson's monograph. Though he refers at one point to the Reithian concept of "music for all", it is clear from the tone of his remarks on the English amateur and the so-called "man in the street" that he has little time for either. His own ideal Prom planner would be a composer, a performer, or a scholar rather than an impresario or administrator. (In this Simpson seriously underestimates the impresario's role from Salomon to, in our own day, a man like Ian Hunter.) Yet nowhere in the main body of the book do we sense any real awareness of the person whom Aaron Copland nominates, in *Music and Imagination*, as being the most important of all: the listener. It is only in his final chapter, a postscript entitled "The Composer and the Audience", that Simpson, writing now as a composer rather than as a would-be reformer, addresses himself to this party.

In the postscript, Simpson be-

means the modern composer's lack of easy rapport with his audience. Where Haydn, working in the Esterházy court, could shock, amuse or move old so-and-so, and where Beethoven knew his weekly congregation and choir, the modern composer is isolated from his fellows. Attempting to recreate Haydn's "enviable condition without the servitude" (one notes the persistent paranoia about institutions), Simpson has asked a close friend to describe to him the kind of symphony he would like to hear. It seems an odd solution, symptomatic of the peculiar uncertainty in matters of communication which appears to hedge in many of our contemporary composers. It is possible, though, to be more sanguine about this proposal than about many others in this contentious pamphlet.

In *The Book of the Piano* (288pp. Phaidon, £19.50, 0 7148 2036 9), Dominic Gill has assembled a collection of essays by musicologists and musicians on the instrument most widely played in the history of Western music. Gill's aim is to provide a comprehensive, illustrated study of the piano, of its designers, of the composers who have written for it and of the pianists who have played it. *The Book of the Piano* contains contributions from Nicholas Kenyon on "The Classical Piano", Charles Rosen and David Murray on "The Romantic Piano", Martin Cooper on "The Chamber Piano", William Brooks on "The Piano in the Twentieth Century" and Wilfrid Mellers on "The Jazz Piano". The Basuto percussive pianist, Dolobhe Bratshe, describes the diverse influences which have shaped his vision of the piano as intermediary between the musician as healer and his audience.

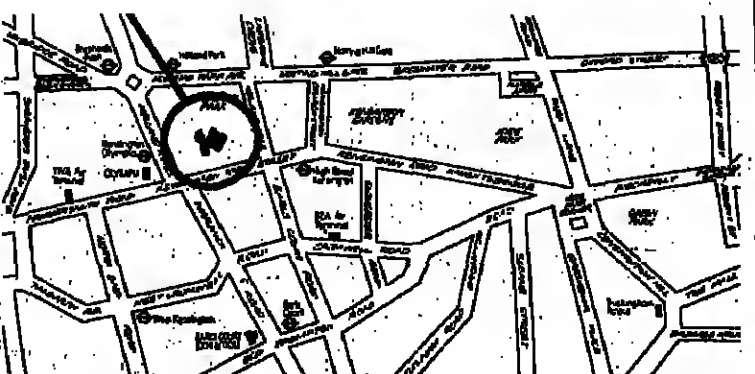
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Dramaturgical schemes

By Martin Cooper

JOHN DRUMMOND:
Opera in Perspective
383pp. Dent. £17.50.
0 460 04294 7

The author of this comprehensive study is Blair Professor of Music at the University of Otago, New Zealand, and he here provides his more ambitious students with a vision of the part played by music-drama in human existence as well as a history of opera so-called. He goes back as far as Neanderthal man and as far into the present as Jesus Christ Superstar, observing Nietzsche's distinction between Apollonian and Dionysian elements but clear-sighted in marking their inextricable confusion in most of the music that he discusses. He writes well of Euripides' *Bacchae* and compares its disruption of Dionysian art, and the resentment that it aroused, to the Pop-music and much of the avant-garde to-day. The Middle Ages are well, if rather scantily represented by

audles of the Mass and the mystery-plays, but it is not until opera emerges as such in the late sixteenth century that John Drummond's studies become more detailed and more technical in character, with a good supply of well-chosen examples.

He has wisely chosen some half-dozen works by which to characterize and exemplify types of drama and dramaturgy: Monteverdi's *L'Orfeo*; Handel's *Rollinda*, *La Nozze di Figaro*, *Tristan und Isolde* and *Peter Grimes*. Even those students of opera who may have found the earlier, more general and philosophical/anthropological chapters hard going, will learn a great deal from these individual studies. They are factual, with points illustrated by ample quotation, including diagrams that reveal the real relationships and are not included simply in order to give the text a fashionable look. Drummond's general observations on the Romantic opera of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries are often excellent and reveal an intelligence whose powers of analysis are by no means confined to filleting scores. He finds, for example, an interesting point of contact between late seventeenth-

century madrigal, Italian opera *serio* and the French grand opera. All this music, he points out, portrays emotion, but does not express it: we believe Meyerbeer's characters but we do not believe in them. Speaking of Rossini, he observes that "intensity of expression within simple structures [and he quotes "Ah! venisse il caro oggito" from the *Borbore*] is no substitute for dramatic truth. It holds our attention on the surface, but in the end prevents us from penetrating beyond". His analysis of the last act of *Rigoletto* contains a rather extravagant quotation of the whole quartet, welcome of course but not strictly necessary. I prefer (though I confess it made me laugh) his clever schematic analysis of Wagner's key-associations in *Der Freischütz* (figuring a Maltese cross) and especially the ingenious schema of the Wolf's Glen music, in which the casting of each bullet is shown to have its proper key in the overall scheme.

Professor Drummond does not offer any suggestion as to how opera is to be kept alive, rightly regarding this as primarily a financial problem; but if his book proves to be something in the nature of an extended obituary notice, it is a handsome and valuable one.

Turbulent times at Devonshire House

By A. N. Wilson

BRIAN MASTERS:
Georgiana,
Duchess of Devonshire
324pp. Hamish Hamilton. £15.
0 241 10662 1

When Lord Spencer's daughter left Althorp to begin her illustrious married life, she was too young for any of her undeveloped inner qualities of wisdom and courage to be apparent to the world. Yet her niceness and good humour shone out from the first and caught the immediate imagination of society. Her youth, figure, throwing good nature, sense and lively modesty and modest familiarity make her a phenomenon. Horace Walpole wrote of Lady Georgiana Spencer in that first year of her marriage to the fifth Duke of Devonshire in 1774.

The story goes on being phenomenal in almost every sense of the word. No novel by Fanny Burney, no satirical farce by Sheridan, can ever convey, as the letter and diaries of the period do, that dazzling, scandalous, ebullient, passionate, wretched and prodigiously opulent atmosphere of Whig high society towards the close of the eighteenth century. Lord David Cecil was to write in his life of Melbourne: "Life at Devonshire House was a continual strain on the spirit; beneath its shifting surfaces seethed always a turmoil of yearning and jealousy, crisis and intrigue, gnawing hope and unavailing despair". Brian Masters has chosen a subject, one would have supposed, who lived at the very centre of that turmoil; and he has done nothing to dispel Lord David's rather austere point of view. But he has enormously enriched it. With a wealth of new manuscript material and with his brilliant "feel" for the period, he superbly depicts the warmth of heart as well as the social brilliance of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.

The future George IV called her "sister"; Charles James Fox was her devoted friend (she campaigned for him during the famous election of 1784, giving kisses to the people of London in exchange for votes); she was one of the most widely-loved figures of the age, and, having read Mr Masters's book, anyone could see why. "In all the diaries, journals, letters of the period, there is not one unkind word about the Duchess of Devonshire", he writes. And although his book has all the lightness of touch of a popular romance, and all the elegance of the old-fashioned belle-lettre, that sentence has the ring of authority. There can be few diaries, journals or letters in this period which he has not read. And many of the materials lightly quoted in the course of his narrative are from sources, as yet unpublished, in the archives of Chatsworth, or Castle Howard, or the British Museum.

It would have been hard, though, to spoil a biography of Georgiana. It is such a wonderful story. She was hardly seventeen when she married that languid duke. "Constitutional apathy," wrote Weyall, "formed his distinguishing characteristic. His figure was tall, and manly; though not without grace, his countenance was always calm and untroubled. He seemed incapable of strong emotion, and destitute of all energy or activity of mind." This lethargic nobleman was only twenty-four, and it could easily have been said of him, as it was of his uncle Henry, that "he uttered fewer words in the course of his life than any man who ever lived to fourscore years, not at all excepting the monks of La Trappe". He idled his nights away at the gambling tables of Brooks's Club, and his days asleep, or playing with dogs, or womanizing. Unknown to his young bride, he became the father of his first illegitimate child shortly after his wedding. When, some years later, Georgiana discovered this child's existence, she immediately adopted her as her own, with no apparent

trace of resentment. It is only in societies which truly revere the marriage bond that adultery and fornication can be so rigorously enjoyed.

Mr Masters is deft in his exposition of the sexual mores of the Devonshire House set:

That a marriage should be founded on something as unreliable as the momentary preference of one human being for another would have seemed to them the ultimate folly. Marriage was far too serious an undertaking for that. It was essential that rank should be protected, so that a liaison between a peer's daughter and a footman was perfectly all right while it remained the satisfaction of lust or romance, but totally inconceivable if it threatened to become a life partnership. Once the purity of rank had been assured by a proper marriage, the next essential was to produce an heir. That done, almost anything was permissible.

It was a code which, at various stages of her life, brought poor Georgiana much unhappiness. When the time came for her to fall in love, and she was disingenuous enough to confess that the father of her daughter Eliza was Lord Grey, the Duke banished her to the Continent for fourteen months, separating her from her legitimate as well as her unlawful offspring; (and this in spite of the fact that three of his six children were born to women other than his wife). Earlier in the marriage, Georgiana had the greatest difficulty in producing the requisite male heir, which she did after two girls and a number of miscarriages.

History has been inclined to doubt whether Georgiana were really the mother of "Hart" - Lord Hartington, who succeeded as sixth Duke in 1811. Certainly the circumstances of his birth were singular. Instead of a stately confinement at Devonshire House or Chatsworth, a fitting place

for the birth of the future Duke, his mother found herself stuck in France at the very height of the Revolution. Moreover, Lady Elizabeth Foster, the fifth Duke's mistress, was also giving birth at the same time and place, to a baby who turned out to be a girl. They all passionately wanted a male heir. What could have been easier than, as in some comic opera, to swap the infants about?

Witnesses to such events are of necessity few; and posterity likes to believe a calumny. So it is all the more cheering that Mr Masters, like the old gipsy who rushes in during the last scene of the opera, has painstakingly established the legitimacy of the sixth Duke's birth. He believes in the honesty of Richard Croft, the doctor who delivered the little marquess, and he produces a letter, written by Croft on the very day of the delivery to his own mother in England. "Her Grace's labour came on pretty violent, and after one of the best times I ever intended, she was delivered, at one o'clock this morning, of a remarkable fine boy," Mr Masters adds that there is no reason to suppose that the doctor is lying. Nor there is. Poor Croft's reputation suffered quite irrationally, and much later, when he attended the confinement of Princess Charlotte in 1817, and was blamed for her death in childbirth. Public rage against the poor man was so vociferous that he took his own life. But none of this has anything to do with the alleged jiggery-pokery twenty-seven years before. With the assistance of Croft's descendant, Richard Page Croft, Mr Masters has managed to restore the reputation of this much-maligned physician; and, in so doing, to restore faith in Georgiana's maternity of the sixth Duke.

It is a matter of fairly peripheral importance, since the sixth Duke failed to produce any heirs at all; the present Duke of Devonshire's descent from Georgiana is coincidental, and through the female line. If the legitimacy of "Hart" is the clearest "problem", in detective-story terms, facing Georgiana's biographer, Mr Masters has solved it. But he is equally subtle in unravelling the much more intricate story of Georgiana's emotional life. As is well known, although she was the gayest and most popular hostess of the 1780s and 90s, a brilliant gossip and letter writer, and a close friend of most of the great men and women of the day, Georgiana's marriage was, initially at least, aridly miserable. She was all spontaneity, effervescence, good humour; her duke was a man of painful taciturnity, incapable of expressing emotions and not having many to express. But the complexion of life changed when Georgiana became infatuated with Lady Elizabeth Foster, daughter of the fourth Earl of Bristol, Bishop of Derry, the figure after whom so many continental hotels are named and who, after a cruel and dissipated life, was conveyed back to his diocese in a box labelled "Antique sculpture". His tiresome daughter, Lady Elizabeth, "my dearest love, dearest best", as Georgiana not unaffectionately called her, was soon adopted as a permanent part of the household. Nor was it long before she had also been adopted by the Duke as an alternative bedfellow to his duchess. With her characteristic niceness, Georgiana seemed able to accept this, and Mr Masters conveys with great delicacy both what friendship the three of them enjoyed, and at the same time what unspoken strains it must have imposed upon the Duchess. She was, moreover, hideously prone to sickness and to debt. Her addiction to the gambling tables led to frantic and futile borrowings which do her memory small credit. When "Hart" came of age, five years after his mother's death, Thomas Coultis the

hanker presented him with a bill for £28,286.

This was, of course, chicken-feed when measured by the standards of the Cavendish millions. Since she was married to one of the richest men not only in the kingdom but in history, Georgiana's perpetual agonizing over gaming debts makes sad reading. When the Duke heard of them after her death he exclaimed, "Was that all? Why, oh why did she not tell me?"

"Telling" things to that silent man was not the easiest matter in the world. She kept her gambling losses a secret as people would some sexual or alcoholic aberration. She was no mere enthusiast for the tables. Even by the standards of that passionately gambling generation, Georgiana's bets were those of an addict. Like all addicts, she was bitterly ashamed at her enslavement. It led to all kinds of petty dishonesty.

As the tale reaches its conclusion, the reader feels increasing affection and sadness for Georgiana. She grew corrupt and coarse. She had never quite possessed the beauty attributed to her by Gainsborough and Reynolds, but the doctors insured that in her last days she should be hideous. They cut out one of her eyes; then they shaved her head. Her courage was unwavering; so was her affection for her children. And she was decent enough, one might say Christian enough, to leave us all in ignorance of how she felt about being supplanted in the affections of her best friend and of her husband by the straits and chances of that bizarre ménage à trois.

"A better heart no one ever had," commented Mrs Fox on the day that Georgiana died. She could not have hoped for a more elegantly mad biography in our day; nor one more punctilious in its genealogical grasp, more solid in its historical truth, more incisive in its human sympathy.

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The couch-side manner

By Rosemary Dinnage

PETER LOMAS:
The Case for a Personal
Psychotherapy
153pp. Oxford University Press.
£9.50.
0 19 217680 3

ANTHONY W. CLARE with SALLY THOMPSON:
Let's Talk About Me
253pp. BBC. Paperback, £4.50.
0 563 17887 6

In *The Case for a Personal Psychotherapy* Peter Lomas is concerned to answer the question, "What does it mean to be natural in the therapeutic session?" Lucidly and scrupulously he makes out a case against the rule-bound, technological model of therapy that, in different ways, tends to be adopted equally by psychiatrists, psychoanalysts, and assorted psychotherapists. It is in fact unpretentious friendship and warmth, he argues, that actually cures people. He discusses the obfuscating effect of technical jargon and the damage done by labelling patients (the patient with "hysteria" or "inadequate" hung round his neck is as well aware of it as the child in the C-Stream); and ponders the problem of working informally and kindly without acquiring the delusion that one has unlimited love for every patient. The technicalities of "transference" interpretation, he argues, may in fact exist more to shelter the therapist from this kind of problem than to benefit the patient. His own method is to convey to a patient that "we need to work out an acceptable way of being with each other so that, by and large, I will try to help you

but everything else between us is in question".

Lomas has already made some of these points in his earlier book *True and False Experience*, and the average reader may find them a little bland; everyone, after all, is against sin. Warmth, kindness, sincerity: would one expect less from a therapeutic helper when in trouble? Since Lomas is not an aggressive critic like, for instance, Thomas Szasz, it is not until he quotes from the kind of thing he objects to that his arguments gain force. "To the patient's smiles and small talk," says a writer in a prestigious psychoanalytic journal, "the analyst firmly and tenaciously offers a particular, specific reception. He maintains the necessary distance unchanged, he deliberately keeps the stereotyped solemnity of the encounter. He answers most remarks of the patient with silence, parsimonious replies, or the calculated tone of interpretation..." Tremendously jolly, when you're feeling low (though, to be fair, not all analysts are as rigid). There was a psychoanalyst-in-training, Lomas relates, who laughed with his patient when she asked to see the hot dog? and was severely reprimanded by his supervisor for "colluding with her defences" (the defence being to make a little joke, and it does seem to explain why Woody Allen's analysis has taken twenty-two years). Lomas also quotes a patient of his own, on the reason why she left her previous therapist. She had woken in the night, heard rain, and thought with pleasure that it would water Dr X's garden and make his flowers grow; but when she told him about this (to her) important feeling, he ignored it.

One only needs to glance through the solemn discussions in professional journals on whether it is correct

for analysts to shake hands, exchange Christmas cards, comb over bareheads, or whatever, to see that Lomas is not being bland, but rather radical, since with his own patients he discusses his rheumatism, tennis, books, offers lifts. Only recently Anthony Storr, in another book telling therapists how to therapist, justified the need for impersonality by quoting an incident when a patient was so shocked by Storr's straight answer to the question "Have you ever masturbated?" that he never came back - yet Lomas describes his patients as being relieved to get a quite detailed run-down of his own problems. It is all very rum - not least that a conventional therapist may come across as quite kind and an informal one as the opposite. It would seem - though Lomas's points are entirely valid - that helpers can do good work by whatever methods feel right to them.

Conventional psychoanalysts, I think, would anyway argue that if a patient's treatment is all sweetness and light, the anger in his neurosis will get bypassed; that it must be taken out on the analyst if it is to be experienced. Lomas is aware of this argument, but in his case-history of "Sally" claims that the emotional knots did get disentangled without her having to work through hostility against him. "Right from the start I felt you treated me as an equal, that you tried to be fair to me; I didn't feel you wanted to have power over me. You don't seem to have preconceived ideas about me, putting a label on me, you've wanted to let me be myself and to see what I'm like and yet you've not been distant. I've got to know you." (One does get the impression, incidentally, that his patients are rather reasonable, unill people.)

Then there are other factors in the

therapy situation: what about free association, poor man's poetry - does this have any place in chats across the desk about rheumatism? What about interpretation (telling the patient what he "really means")? This is much more disputable: the late D. W. Winnicott said that one interpretation a month was about enough, and that one only to show the patient how stupid the analyst could be. Most analysts, however, make very free with the "what-you-really-mean-is" technique. "I don't like the colour of these walls." "What you mean is you are angry with me!" reminds you of your father's neurosis as being projecting your depression." The "what-you-mean-is" can be very damaging, wipe out a patient's confidence, put him down in the manner he is probably only too used to; for what it says is, "I know, you don't".

One has only to observe - or hear - the best-intentioned doctor, teacher, or social worker to see that there is a pervasive one-upness involved, often unintentional drift towards arrogance, which equally creeps into psychotherapy. Lomas is deeply concerned to keep it out at any price; but it is obvious - and he admits it - that his own way of working is very demanding, and requires the therapist to balance on a knife-edge between familiarity and formality without the protective rituals that most people need. The Indian psychiatrist S. Nekei has made the point that Westerners, therapists as well as their patients, have a fear of dependency and softness which is striking to a foreigner.

One reaction against rigidity has been the Encounter Movement (as Lomas calls it - I think it likes to be called the Human Potential Movement); but this has fallen into the opposite fault of facile and jargon-ridden optimism. Lomas is in fact

too polite to put it quite like that. In Anthony Clare in *Let's Talk About Me* has no such inhibitions. An expansion of his radio talks last year, his book is an entertaining whistle-stop tour of the new therapies, from rolling to psychodrama to Primal Scream. Dr Clare (with co-author Sally Thompson) has researched the subject's background well, and interviewed some leading figures in the movement.

The more serious part of the book is Clare's introduction in which he traces the new movement's origins in reaction against Freud's bleak view of human nature, the elitism of the profession he founded, and the long-drawn-out verbalizations of psychoanalysis. Its founders understandably wanted to get some action into therapy; but spontaneity is an elusive thing, and the end result tends to be a lot of people "working on themselves" with religious earnestness ("What does your body feel?" is a popular question in the groups, as though it were something one brought along in a suitcase).

Clare's superior attitude, however, is really a small example of the arrogance that Lomas deplores, for with one exception it seems he never tried joining in or even sitting in as observer of the group therapies. If Bernard Levin, bless him, can make an ass of himself in the pursuit of self-improvement, then even a Senior Lecturer in Psychiatry should be prepared to get off his high horse at times. These therapies are funny, but some less so than others, and if, as Clare says, he is writing for the vast number of people who will do and pay anything to change their lives, writing out better from worse might help them. For Clare is also strongly opposed to psychoanalysis and psychotherapy, which he attacks along familiar lines. How are people, then, to change their lives?

Needlewomen in need

By Phyllis M. Palmer

CHRISTINA WALKLEY:
The Ghost in the Looking Glass
The Victorian Seamstress
137pp. Peter Owen. £12.50.
0 7206 0561 X

The ideal Victorian woman cared for parents, husband, children and deserving poor, prepared tea for the local clergyman, and embroidered purses for the annual charity bazaar. This "Angel in the House", according to Coventry Patmore's 1845 poem, represented "the fair sum of six thousand years' Tradition of civility". Her existence in England, the reader might infer, was ample justification for the nation's power; female propriety was the stimulus and symbol of progress.

Victorian images of womanhood held not only sunshine, however, but also shadows. Only two years earlier, in the 1843 Christmas issue of *Punch*, Thomas Hood had powerfully stimulated the magazine's circulation with another poetic berline picture: that of the seamstress, who, although in poverty, hunger, and dirt, sewing at once with a double thread/A shroud as well as a shirt. The extraordinary impact of Hood's "Song of the Shirt" depended upon a melodramatic dualism prevalent in Victorian taste: expensive elegance contrasted with ill-paid drudgery.

The seamstress, like the governess and teacher who also inspired Victorian novelists and painters, was a poignant figure because she was forced to sell - at very low wages - what most fortunate women gave to their families and friends for love: skills as a needlewoman and care for the young, weak and feeble. Working at the quintessentially female occupation of sewing, she made goods not for charity and kin, but

for wages and the benefit of manufacturers.

For the middle-class family who bought journals and prints, the sad story of the seamstress provided various imaginative satisfactions. It emphasized the happy lot of the housewife through vicarious experience of poverty and grief; it applauded the husband or father whose income protected "his" women from such hardships; and it mildly tilted the entire family with its implication that the vulnerable, unprotected woman might fall even further - into the last desperate risk of prostitution. A destitute income was salvation, expressed in its keeping women pure and men decent. For the Victorian audience, the seamstress's life was a vision of the hell, that financial loss could bring; a nineteenth-century secular version of Dante.

Victorian fiction reveals much about the terrain of the mental landscape; but less about the actual geography of work. This disjunction between literary and historical fact is well understood by literary critics and social historians, but not, I fear, by Christina Walkley. Her work as costume custodian and author of a book on the cleaning and care of Victorian clothes seems not to have prepared her for writing about either the symbolic functions of the seamstress or the economics of clothes production.

In eight thin chapters, she runs through the middle-class Victorian view of the seamstress problem: from women attempting to earn a wage in the low-paid work of making dresses, skirts and trousers, through the discovery that low wages led to prostitution to supplement income; to the efforts of charitable agencies to match up distressed needlewomen with better-paying employers or to encourage the emigration of "surplus" women to Australia, to the unremarkable conclusion that the garment trade still exploits women - though less so because women now

have more jobs to choose among.

The evidence for these chapters consists of stories and pictures presented as accurate and unbiased accounts. Although the illustrations are well chosen - from the much-discussed Royal Academy exhibit of 1846, Richard Redgrave's "The Seamstress", to John Everett Millais's "Stitch! Stitch! Stitch!" of 1876 - and although they reveal the moral-aesthetic pathos of the seamstress theme, they do not, of course, depict economic conditions. The author uses some standard sources - such as the 1849-50 *Morning Chronicle* reports of Henry Mayhew, impeccably edited some years ago by E. P. Thompson and Eileen Yeo; the 1842 and 1864 Parliamentary reports of the Commission on the Employment of Children; and the novels of Mrs Gaskell and Charles Kingsley. But Walkley offers little of her own, and leans heavily upon recent scholarly work, such as T. J. Edelstein's article, "They Sang the 'Song of the Shirt': The Visual Iconology of the Seamstress" in *Victorian Studies* (Winter, 1980).

A single incident which Walkley recounts at length - the inspiration, indeed, for the much engraving reproduced on the dust-jacket of a lady trying on her new dress in a looking-glass that reflects a ghostly seamstress - exemplifies the author's uncritical approach. The story is of Mary Anne Walkley (any relation to the author?), a dressmaker in the London house of "Madame Elise" of Regent Street, where Mary Anne died in 1863. Christina Walkley opens the account with the text of an anonymous letter to *The Times*, which charged Mary Anne's apparent self-sacrifice with her poverty, death, claiming that they provided only an alibi for sleeping and worked the women long hours. This is followed by the owners' long rebuttal to *The Times*, testimony from other workers collected by the 1864 Parliamentary Commission, and a

denuciatory article by the *Englishwoman's Domestic Review*, which objected as much to the employers' misuse of grammar as to their abuse of their employees. The tale ends with the firm being exonerated and going on to become dressmakers to Princess Alexandra.

Christina Walkley provides neither historical or cultural context to explain the significance of this little case. Certainly we may gather that dressmakers were overworked and undervalued, but in relation to whom and to what other employment? The lives of dressmakers differed starkly from those of the inferior women who wore their gowns, and they enjoyed higher incomes and status than shirt and trouser-makers, that much larger group of seamstresses who laboured for middlemen in the ready-made-clothing trade. One suspects that the reality of hardship derives from women in slops shop production, while the image of deprivation came from the elite needlewomen and the even smaller group of women whose dresses they made. But we cannot pursue these speculations with the information Christina Walkley provides.

A thorough study of either the imaginative uses or the economic position of the seamstress would make a good book. Edelstein's article is a beginning of the former, and for information about the place of the seamstress in the nineteenth-century industrial economy, one can turn to Virago Press's reprint of *My Mother's Needle* by Jane Austen, and the *Industrial Revolution* (1930). As Pinchbeck's data indicate, the seamstress's work was less important for the number of women involved (fewer than in agriculture, domestic service and textile-mill work), than it was figuratively or metaphorically. The interrelation of these is a fascinating subject, but Walkley's account barely hints at the existence of such rich complexities.

Gunning for mother

By Phyllis Grosskurth

HÉLÈNE FRÉDÉRIC and MARTINE MALINSKY:
Martine
102pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul.
£7.50.
0 7100 0814 7

Martine is an account of a successful therapy, the efficacy of the treatment having been attested by the therapist, his mother and the child himself. Martine was sent to a psychoanalyst at the age of four because he was uncontrollably aggressive. Some time after the treatment ended his mother, Mme Hélène Frédéric, who had been present during the sessions, wrote down her recollections, hoping they might be of help to other parents. The therapist, Dr Martine Malinsky, agreed to comment on the main stages of the treatment, and finally Martine herself, by then thirteen, added a coda to their memories.

Mme Frédéric had one daughter by a previous marriage. After remarriage happily, she had a second daughter, followed by a miscarriage. She was not told the sex of her unborn child, and was extremely depressed by the experience. On learning that she was pregnant again, she at first wanted an abortion, but eventually decided against it, and after a difficult pregnancy, she gave birth to a boy.

The unfamiliarity of a boy alarmed her, and she was particularly nervous about touching his penis. Martine ended incessantly; as a three-year-old she still refused unshared food and scratched and hit people indiscriminately without provocation. In despair, his mother consulted Dr Malinsky, a disciple of Pierre Mâle, who believed that a child should not be treated in isolation, but in a mother-child relationship; hence Mme Frédéric was to form an integral part of every therapy session.

Aware that she herself might be contributing to Martine's problem, she also underwent individual therapy.

In the past she had usually been preoccupied with housework when Martine wanted her attention. In therapy she discovered with amazement how interesting he was, and how impressive his awareness of family relationships. She appears to have been a highly nervous and bewildered woman, but Dr Malinsky's commentary assures us that the therapy proved successful because she had the best of both worlds: the conviction that potentially she was a good mother.

During the early sessions Martine played incessantly with guns, "killing" his mother and Dr Malinsky, and then bringing them back to life. It was weeks before he could see and began to distinguish between bad and good. At the same time his mother came to understand that her unease with Martine had created such tension that the anxious child had not been able to accept the co-existence of good and bad in his mother. Dr Malinsky helped Martine to this understanding by inducing regression, aided by games, puppets, and even by an infant's bottle. When Martine burst into the tears of a newborn baby, Dr Malinsky reminded him that he had never been able to get his bottle quickly enough, adding gently, "You know, Martine, when you were so angry that you wanted to eat Mummy, you were also afraid that Mummy would eat you." But mummies never eat their little children. This began the process of separation, a process that might never have taken effect if treatment had been delayed. After this breakthrough, Martine's school-work showed astonishing progress and he played more easily with other children. In time he banished his mother to the waiting-room, and not long afterwards decided to end the therapy sessions. In Martine's final account of his impressions, the balanced youth lists his various interests and general satisfaction with life, concluding, "I really am like the

others. I feel confident, happy, and free".

The eclectic method followed by Dr Malinsky is shorter than an orthodox analysis (intensive therapy lasted for two years, but we are not told how long the bi-weekly sessions continued); and she does not seem to have sought to bring about a structural change in the child but rather a re-evaluation of attitudes on the part of both mother and son. Although unconscious material was brought to light, it is not altogether clear that, even in the incident with the bottle, the pre-genital level was explored. In view of the lack of any clearly-stated conceptual framework, and the telescoping of the time during which the various stages were worked out, one must conclude that the sessions were improvised.

Recent practitioners of child analysis have owed much to D. W. Winnicott's emphasis on the basic emotional atmosphere which surrounds the infant. But all of the many theories involved lead back ultimately to Freud who, in fact, recorded only one case-history of a child, "Analysis of a Phobia in a Five-Year-Old Boy" (1909). He saw the boy twice, and left his therapy in the hands of his father who reported to Freud almost daily about the child's progress. Freud was interested in the case because it enabled him to verify his ideas about infantile sexuality.

Throughout the subsequent history of child analysis techniques have been sought that would enable the child to participate fully in the analytic work. The stumbling-blocks have been its dependency on the parents, its difficulty in verbalizing, and the fact that parents seek analysis or treatment for a child because it is making their life intolerable. Nevertheless, as Anna Freud has pointed out, the fluid state of a child's mental structure makes it possible for his idiosyncratic aggressiveness to be released into new channels opened up by the analysis itself.

Around 1915 Hermine Hug-Hellmuth experimented with encouraging the child to express its problems through drawing and play. Melanie Klein in turn introduced a "world" of toys - miniature men, women, children, houses - to serve as a substitute for the free association of adult analysis. She believed that all phases of a child's play have a symbolic value and reveal unconscious phantasies to the observant analyst. Anna Freud, who by then had also entered the field, did not deny that play could be interpreted symbolically, but was wary of the efficacy of the method, emphasizing that play reveals symbolic material which in turn leads to symbolic, and hence possibly arbitrary and misleading interpretation.

Melanie Klein and Anna Freud did not agree about the importance of the parents, the purpose of analysis, the role of the analyst, or the historical development of early psychic life; nor about the more abstract issues of perception and cognition. Anna Freud's whole approach was that "in child analysis it is not the patient's ego but the parents' reason and insight on which the beginning, continuance and completion of the treatment must rely" - and hence she seems to doubt the possibility of genuine child analysis. Klein emphasized the symbiotic character of mother-infant relationships, but insisted that in the child's psychology the real mother is of less importance than the image through which the mother is represented in the child's phantasy life. Her aim was to alleviate the child's anxiety by interpreting his fantasies. Within a laboratory experiment the patient's relation with the analyst could be manipulated so that it became one almost entirely of phantasy.

Anna Freud sees the child's psychic development as fluid, and its superego as weak and unstable. It is not yet an "impersonal representative of the obligations undertaken at the behest of the outer world." For Klein the infant's psychodrama con-

sists of a conflict between introjection, which seeks to keep the good object (breast), and projection, which tries to exclude the persecutory object. The bad, devouring breast will be experienced as a feared legislator, the superego, while the introjected, good breast will form the basis of an ego-ideal. As for the parents, Melanie Klein believed that the child fantasizes its father - or his penis - as part of the mother. The child has idealized the mother as the container of everything desirable, but by projecting its aggressive tendencies to the combined parental figure, this is transformed into a dreaded persecutor.

Young Martine clearly exhibited such aggressive anxieties, but his therapist has not indicated how she elucidated these to him. Frédéric and Malinsky's account is so short that it is unrepresentative, and full of unsolved problems, whereas Klein's *Narrative of a Child Analysis* (1961), covering ninety sessions day by day, isolated by wartime conditions, ends on a note of hope, though without facile jubilation because she realized that the analysis was incomplete. She would not have tolerated a certain presence, not even a father and certainly not the suitor girl who eventually participated in Martine's sessions.

For Anna Freud the aim of analysis is to enable the child to learn which impulses are compatible with social life, which gratifications are acceptable, and what must be repressed. Convinced of the sea emphasis on the superego, she sees the analyst's role as an educative one in guiding the child to distinguish between the conflicting claims of the ego, id, and superego. Klein, however, sought to assess not so much the child's ability to adjust to reality as to liberate itself from the burdens of its phantasy life. Anna Freud sees cure as possible only if external factors are favourable, while Klein's insistence on the importance of phantasy leads her to insist that analysis could be successful regardless of the external situation.

Acting on history

By Rom Harré

ALAN TOURAINE:
The Voice and the Eye
An analysis of social movements
Translated by Alan Duff
225pp. Cambridge University Press.
£15.50 (paperback, £5.95).
0 521 23874 9

This is not at all an easy book to understand, and one is not helped in understanding it by a translation which is persistently lumpy, and sometimes inept. I shall try to set out as clearly as I can what I take Touraine to be saying, but there is a further barrier to understanding: like Francis Bacon, Touraine uses the terminology of a firm of theorizing which he is concerned to repudiate. It is not always clear whether he is offering a better way of using a traditional notion (say "class") or whether he is just being ironic (or, dare I say it, sometimes even a bit confused himself).

The basic plot is very simple. The project of founding sociology on the assumption that there are something like natural processes in society upon which men are carried along is mistaken. Central to any understanding of what happens is a grasp of social movements. These are to be understood as the deliberate actions of actors who formulate projects and try to carry them out. These projects are essentially all of the same kind: they are struggles to gain control of "history." "History," as I understand Touraine, is the means by which a given system of cultural interpretations of a way of life is created and maintained, and through the reproduction of which a particular field of social relations is preserved. Control of history is crucial since, according to Touraine, "what comes first is the work society performs on itself by inventing its

norms, institutions and practices, guided by the great cultural model". Social movements are locked in struggle to control this self-reproductive process.

So far one can only assent. But as the theory develops some of its details bother me a good deal. Touraine takes a great deal of trouble to distance himself from both Marxist analyses (at least those that adopt simple conceptions of economic determinism) and Parsonian conceptions of abstract structure. Yet in some of the more disturbing features of those approaches, he continues to use the notion of "class" and to treat classes as individuals to which psychological attributes can be ascribed. The actors in his social movements who make decisions and work at projects, are but classes. He continues, furthermore, to talk in terms of notions like "power" and "domination", explicating "power" in terms of such naive individualistic conceptions as the authority of a foreman over a shop-floor worker. For instance he says "the social movement is the organized collective behaviour of a class actor [ie, class as actor] struggling against his class adversary for the social control of history in a concrete community."

Touraine contrasts his idea of a sociology of social movements with the assumptions of nineteenth-century sociologies which do not have the idea of a historical actor guided by a plan. According to him social movements are culturally oriented forms of behaviour. For instance workers' movements are not uprisings, but struggles to "sell" a counter-model of industrial society. Again in explicating the notion of "struggle" he says a struggle is "all forms of organized conflictual action against an adversary for control of a social field". The language is that of intentional action, the metaphysics that of supra-individuals whose right to have psychological attributes

ascribed to them has not been established.

Even if one has no objection to the use of collective entities as theoretical foundations, not to the metaphorical portrayal of these entities as actors, one still requires a justification for this way of talking. Still, there are some very interesting ideas introduced along the way. For me the most profound is the idea of "stakes". Factions and movements are imagined to be locked in struggles in which the stakes are cultural, not economic. To the victors goes, for the moment, the power to create history, which in the last analysis means a cultural "model" in terms of which life is made intelligible. As a consequence Touraine insists, very interestingly, that we should abandon another nineteenth-century notion, that social struggles are not only somehow natural, but are concerned with the future. Collective behaviour, he says, is not directed to or defined by some future state to be brought about, it is not for "modernizing", but for cultural hegemony now. Women's Lib, as a movement, is concerned to struggle for the right and the power to define womanhood now, not for some future better deal for women.

There are many echoes of the thinking of the contemporary radical wing of social psychology in the Anglo-Saxon world in Touraine's writings. In his idea of the power to control history I think Touraine has much the same thought as Shotter and others; that it is the power, and the right, to create social meaning that is the proper object of radical social activity. This suggests that our grasp of Touraine's sociology

will be increased by an understanding of his method, which he claims is coordinate with the conception of society as social movements, and stands in an epistemic relation to these movements quite different from that of traditional sociology. Touraine claims to have invented a methodology which enables someone not only to enter the social world of a movement in a way that preserves its meaning, but also to amplify that movement itself. Sociological intervention, as he says, is to be aimed at the militants of a social movement, with the objective of raising their capacity for historical action. Thus we must cast out the old methodology, questionnaires and statistics, and adopt intervention, the action of a sociologist "whose aim is to reveal social relations and make them the main objects of analysis".

But why? Well, if it is decisions that we are finally trying to understand - and it must be, since social movements are nothing besides action - then "one must reconstruct the field of decision-making by examining the actors, and occasionally by stimulating the political process". It is no good studying the documents "secreted" by movements, since these are produced for ideological purposes. Operating from outside, so to speak, there is no way that one can reproduce the processes by which the documents were produced. Again, one recognizes a very familiar train of thought here: that leading from ethnological methodology - which presumes that the social processes by which documents are constructed can be recovered from the documents - to ethogenics, the projects of recovering the social knowledge

needed to engage in such a project as managing a movement, including its documents, by considering the talk of the people involved in the

The group involved in the movement becomes the research team itself, and this opens up the possibility of sociology as self-analysis. Touraine seems to think that the intervention of the researcher (the members of the group (no doubt depleted in number) can return to action with "an increasingly clear range of themselves". And in complementary fashion the researcher "will be attracted by the struggle, and even invited to join as a militant". Touraine devotes a good deal of space to some very welcome discussion of the effect on the researcher of this kind of immersion, of his moral responsibility not only to the movement but to himself. What a movement is morally obliged to do should the intervener turn his understanding to sabotage? Touraine does not consider this possibility. Unlike many of us who have tried the same sort of thing he seems to be an optimist. After castigating the "optimism of the technocrats" he suggests in the very last lines of the book that intervention is "the same approach which lies behind the progress of those who invent the social history of tomorrow and those who seek to understand this history at the very moment of its production". But the grey bureaucrats and the brown-shirts were once those who invented the social history of that tomorrow which is now the day before yesterday. What about the interventionist sociologist then?

Degree of deprivation

By Nesta Roberts

CHARLES MADGE
and PETER WILLMOTT
Inner City Poverty in Paris and London
132pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul.
£8.50.
0 7100 0819 8

"Where does a working man live better - in your country or ours?" Sooner or later the traveller or the temporary resident in a European country who tries to penetrate a little beneath "the lovely surface of appearances" is likely to be faced with that question. To attempt to answer it is to be plunged into a tangle of cultural differences as well as a confusion of value judgments - what exactly are we to understand by "better"? Is eating meat six days a week adequate compensation for having to cram parents and four children into two third-floor rooms? How does an annual holiday rate against "ev. mod. con."? One of the virtues of this study of what it means to be disadvantaged respectively in Paris and in London is its broad concept of poverty, which is seen as a condition of which income poverty is only one element, along with overcrowding, lack of housing amenities, poor health and limited holidays and leisure activities. Since the samples were confined to families with two or more children, so excluding the old and those with one child or none, it does not claim to present complete neighbourhood portraits, but there is no room to doubt that it shows us disadvantage in its more acute forms.

Stockwell, in the Borough of Lambeth, and Folie-Méricourt, in the 11th arrondissement of Paris, are sufficiently alike in their composition and in the problems they present to be comparable, sufficiently unlike to make the comparison useful to the public authorities who deal with them. Both are fairly typical, inner areas, with a high proportion of semi-skilled and unskilled workers and a large immigrant population. "West Indian" in Stockwell, North African in Folie-Méricourt. Stockwell, a nineteenth-century past as a village on the outskirts of London a number

of housing features which were laid out for obviously prosperous commuters. They were more than Pooters who lived in these crescents and circles and parks, which still provide what the authors call "oases" of comfort among the more intensive later development. Even that has recognized the human need for air and a modicum of space, which, here and there, is green. Folie-Méricourt, wedged between Belleville and the Rue du Faubourg St-Antoine, which does not inherit fully either the revolutionary traditions nor the reputation for skilled craftsmanship of either, is an extreme example of the workers' warrens which grew up behind the broad boulevards and avenues which Haussmann drove through Paris between 1850 and 1870.

The quickest way to grasp the closeness with which buildings are packed together in central Paris, which is still one of the most densely populated cities in the world, is to look to the rooftop terrace of a Samaritaine store and look east. The caption for the picture - so extended caption - is provided in this book's chapter on the inner city environment. A regulation of 1893 decreed that a block where more than ten people died of TB in one year was to be declared insanitary and marked for early demolition. A survey of the 11ème in 1918 showed it to have seventeen such unhealthy blocks housing 200,000 people. By 1953 only one of them had been demolished; in 1960 it was officially admitted that none was due for demolition and that there would be no comprehensive redevelopment programme. Since then a growing number of individual permits have been granted and, between 1970 and 1973, land values doubled, but none of the new building in Folie-Méricourt was social housing. It is at least partly because of the number of council estates in Stockwell and the French equivalent, the HLM (habitations à loyer modéré), that the over-crowding and lack of household amenities was far more acute in the only 11 per cent of semi-skilled and unskilled manual workers had more than one-and-a-half persons in the respective percentages were 68 and 83.

Income poverty reversed the positions of the two neighbourhoods: it was nearly twice as widespread in Stockwell as in Folie-Méricourt, and was highly concentrated among families with children and, particularly in households with an unemployed head, who was often a lone mother bringing up her family on supplementary benefits. West Indian households, where it is customary for wives to go out to work, were more likely than British to be suffering poverty, unlike the North African families where wives stayed at home and their husbands' earnings were low. The comparative picture on household incomes in France and Britain should demolish a number of misconceptions cherished in this country, as that we are, alternatively, crippled by taxation or stifled by a despotic state. The facts are that higher social security contributions in France balance higher direct taxes in Britain, also that the French derive a far higher proportion of their income from social security than do the British.

With the comparison of housing and leisure cultural factors are more evident. Stockwell is credited, with twice as much of what the authors rather infelicitously call "leisure advantage" as Folie-Méricourt, but some of it seems at least as likely to be due to national and individual variations as to lack of means or opportunity. Perhaps social researchers do not always realize how many new houses for workers it took much of their leisure doing absolutely nothing.

Since 1973 Britain has raised its lavals of family benefit and France has introduced new housing allowances, though it is not known how many new houses for workers it has as yet produced in Folie-Méricourt. The authors hope that a comparison will be made to find how far the changes have corrected the past. Of social welfare between the two countries. In the meantime they mind us of the distinction between relative and absolute poverty, and both countries the latter has done impressively since the war. In Britain, during the post-war period, though relative poverty, measured by the proportion of the population judged to be in absolute poverty fell from about a fifth to about a fortieth.

The FO view and the Company view

By Ainslie Embree

M. E. YAPP:
Strategies of British India
Britain, Iran and Afghanistan, 1798-1850
482pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford
University Press. £40.
0 19 822481 8

"Some countries seem doomed to be always the countries of tomorrow", M. E. Yapp remarks, while for others it is "always yesterday". In this long and very satisfying work, he shows how, in the early nineteenth century, countries of yesterday and tomorrow reacted to the vibrant present, in the form of aggressive, expansionist British power. The serious study of the actual working of foreign policy and its relation to imperialism has long been out of fashion, having been replaced by the application of theories which preclude the detailed analysis of confusion, and often contradictory, evidence of the kind Yapp has used. One academic fantasy, which still echoes through the text-books, is that Britain was "anti-imperialistic" in the first half of the nineteenth century and became "imperialistic" only after 1870. Such a theory could only deal with the fact that a new empire was created between 1800 and 1850, stretching from Tennessee to Peshawar, by ignoring it. Yapp perhaps dismisses too easily another theory when he speaks of those historians who have "a forlorn, unreasoning attachment to economic motives", but the economic realities of imperialism become plain when one moves from the grand rhetoric which sees the Industrial Revolution paid for by the raw materials of empire to Yapp's ironic picture of Lord Auckland fiddling with the accounts to conceal the true cost of the Afghan war. A third theory is what Yapp calls the idea of "imperial advantage", the argument that the defence of India, and of the routes to India, was at the heart of British foreign policy.

At this point, one is tempted to say that there is obviously no one explanation of the motives for British expansion, but a mixture of many factors; Yapp's overriding conviction, however, is that for proper historical understanding we have to know what order of priorities the actors had in the relationship between Britain and India. "Britain could have only one foreign policy", he insists, "and each element in that policy had to be embraced within a hierarchy of values". On the face of it, this seems such a tendentious - and applicable - conclusion as to invite rejection, but Yapp's achievement is that, starting from what seems a dubious axiom, he provides an original and persuasive interpretation of the dynamics of imperialism. No one familiar with the evidence is likely to agree with all his arguments; on the other hand, no one who wants to understand not only what happened in the past, but is happening now, in the great arc from Iran through Afghanistan and Pakistan to India will be able to neglect his complex and many-layered analysis.

At the heart of that analysis is the distinction Yapp makes between the policies of the British governments towards India and those of British officials in India in the same period. The conventional explanation that British activities in the region were motivated by the defence of India and, specifically, by the fear of a Russian invasion from the north-west is, he insists, an interpretation imposed in order to legitimize actions that had quite other motives. As far as the government in London was concerned, its motives are to be seen in terms of its European, not its Indian interests, which were rarely central to the thoughts of the Foreign Office. In the determination of policy, India was considered only when it could serve some aspect of the Government's overall strategy, as it did in dealing with Iran in the early years of the century, or with Afghanistan in the late 1830s and

again in the 1870s. "The policies of the London Government in Western Asia are explicable in terms of European interests alone", Yapp argues, "even though several foreign secretaries found financial, diplomatic, political, or military advantages in linking the presentation of their policies in the area to the needs of India."

For the British in India - those who were actually governing the territories acquired by the East India Company - the situation was wholly different. Their concern was not with the protection of the sea or land routes to India, nor with the danger of a French invasion during the French Revolutionary wars and the Napoleonic period, nor, later, of a Russian invasion. Their chief concern was internal security; defence against the enemies who threatened their rule from within the subcontinent itself. As an early commander of the Company's armies had succinctly put it, "our enemies are as numerous as the inhabitants of the country".

The internal threat perceived by the British in India had many aspects. In the early period, roughly from 1765 to 1818, there was the danger of a coalition of Indian states outside the Company's territories which, if it did not drive the British out, would make trade unprofitable by disturbing trade routes and require a heavy expenditure on defence. Then, after 1818 there were always dangers from within British India itself: Muslim conspiracies, Brahman conspiracies, popular uprisings caused by real or fancied slights to religious customs, and, above all, mutinies in the army. "British India", Yapp summarizes, "lived in fear of an insurrection which could neither be predicted, nor understood, nor controlled. The energies and resources of the British in India (but not in London) were concentrated on this internal danger."

There was, Yapp admits, a perception of an external danger too, first from the French, and then, for much of the century, from the Russians, but even here the fear was of the effect an actual attempt at invasion or the mere belief in its possibility might have on the Indian population by fomenting hostility to British rule and encouraging conspiracies and uprisings. Muslims might be appealed to by their co-religionists in Central Asia, while the Hindu kingdom of Nepal could appeal to disaffected Hindu rulers, especially the Marathas.

The differing, and, at times, opposed interests of the London and Calcutta governments were linked, in Yapp's reading of contemporary events and policies, by vague talk of the "defence of India". This permitted each side to set its own priorities in the use of very scarce resources. While this method of defining goals made a strategy possible, it also led to confusion, to endless bickering between London and Calcutta, and, in 1842, to the disaster of the Afghan withdrawal.

A particularly valuable feature of Yapp's interpretation is his emphasis on individuals in the making and implementation of policies. In England, at the beginning of the period, great figures in the East India Company, like Charles Grant, could still play a decisive role as spokesmen for the purely Indian interests, but after 1820, such concerns were almost always subordinated to wider policy issues. In India, the Governor-General gave much of his attention to defence issues (which, as Yapp sees it, were immediately related to internal security). It was the man who had quite other motives. As far as the government in London was concerned, its motives are to be seen in terms of its European, not its Indian interests, which were rarely central to the thoughts of the Foreign Office. In the determination of policy, India was considered only when it could serve some aspect of the Government's overall strategy, as it did in dealing with Iran in the early years of the century, or with Afghanistan in the late 1830s and

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The internal threat perceived by the British in India had many aspects. In the early period, roughly from 1765 to 1818, there was the danger of a coalition of Indian states outside the Company's territories which, if it did not drive the British out, would make trade unprofitable by disturbing trade routes and require a heavy expenditure on defence. Then, after 1818 there were always dangers from within British India itself: Muslim conspiracies, Brahman conspiracies, popular uprisings caused by real or fancied slights to religious customs, and, above all, mutinies in the army. "British India", Yapp summarizes, "lived in fear of an insurrection which could neither be predicted, nor understood, nor controlled. The energies and resources of the British in India (but not in London) were concentrated on this internal danger."

A random cross-section of opinions and actions suggests, however, that the evidence will, in general, validate Yapp's theses. As for historical understanding, one can trace a

continuity that reaches from 1765 to 1841. "Take all prudent measures to preserve our possessions", the directors of the East India Company told their servants in India in the 1750s, when it was apparent that succession struggles might imperil their position, and fifteen years later, when the Company had become a territorial power, they were warning the Calcutta officials not to extend their possessions beyond "the ancient boundaries". But in 1765, as in the 1850s, when China was demanding new delimitations and demarcations, no one in fact knew where those ancient boundaries were. The search for a defensible frontier that would permit internal security in Bengal and the other new possessions gave the East India Company what Warren Hastings called "a polity worthy of a rising state". Its inevitable outcome was the wars which pushed out the frontiers of British India.

Revising history in this fashion is the way historians make a living; but questions always remain regarding the validity of their revisions in relation to the available evidence, and their significance for our understanding of the time and place in question. As Yapp recognizes, he pushes his thesis too far at times, causing the rival positions to polarize and seem unrelated. He also tends to ignore the element of personal ambition, particularly, for example, Ellenborough's desire to be the creator of a great empire. Furthermore, he almost certainly rejects too easily the prospect of commercial gain as a factor in north-western strategy. Unlike his in north-western strategy, the old dream persisted, as a Company official had put it long before, of English goods being disposed of "in the immense territories in the north and northeast of India, where there is a great variety of climate, and inhabited by millions of people in every stage of civilization". Writing in the 1830s, Charles Trevelyan could still believe that the Indus was a great internal highway into the heart of Central Asia, which could be used for transporting British goods while at the same time checking Russian expansionism. Yapp stresses the personal ambition of the Politicians but it is hard to draw a line between this and a conviction that the necessities of state policy demanded a frontier beyond the Indus.

Despite Yapp's assertion to the contrary, there seems no reason to doubt that Wellesley took seriously the danger of French revolutionary doctrines spreading in India. Napoleon's famous letter promising Tipu Sultan the assistance of a French army to free him from "the iron yoke of England" must have fed Tipu's hopes. As for the danger from the north-west, it was not unreasonable, given their scant information, to believe that Russia might encourage Zaman Shah of Afghanistan to seek a link with his fellow Muslims in Mysore. While Yapp is correct in asserting that Wellesley's conviction was that the threat to internal security would come from Indian rulers, not from a Russian or even an Afghan invasion of actual British territory, this does not mean that his plans for the defence of the north-west were not grounded in the belief that there was a genuine threat of external invasion. The important point, which Yapp does not sufficiently emphasize, is that, from the very beginning, British power in India had a foreign policy which was related to its own needs, not those of

Great Britain. This was what Lord Curzon had in mind when, at the beginning of the twentieth century, he claimed that one of the reasons he had been forced to resign was his insistence on "due and becoming regard to Indian authority in determining India's needs". The example he cited was the British government's renunciation of his Tibetan policy in order to serve purely British interests.

Yapp's argument that the "defence of India" strategy was a device for linking the British government's European interests with the Indian government's need for internal security has considerable contemporary relevance. It helps to explain, for example, why the present government of India responded the way it did to the Russian takeover of Afghanistan in December 1979. Powers with global interests - principally the United States and, perhaps out of historical memory, Great Britain - denounced the Russian intervention. The Indian Government, on the other hand, refrained from any direct criticism of it. This astonished many observers, whose perceptions of the politics of the region were coloured by the nineteenth-century experience. India in 1979 did not see the Soviet intrusion as a threat to its internal security, nor was she bound, as she had been in the nineteenth century, to find a link with the global interests of a great power. Furthermore, in 1979 she had the buffer state - Pakistan - for which many nineteenth-century strategists had argued between her and Afghanistan. The point of a buffer state is not primarily to prevent military invasion, but to act as insulation against involvement in the "great game" which in the 1800s, as in the nineteenth century, was not really being played in the region itself but in more distant arenas. Non-involvement, then and now, as Yapp's book makes clear, was a matter of luck as well as a measure of the skill of the actors involved.

Reconstruction business

By Lucy Mair

ANTHONY KIRK-GREENE
and DOUGLAS RIMMER
Nigeria Since 1970
A political and economic outline
161pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £3.50.
0 340 26207 9

When the Nigerian Civil War ended in 1970, the necessary reconstruction included the conclusion of the constitutional negotiations, the breakdown of which had precipitated it. Nigeria's history in the decade since then has been at least as eventful as in any before it. The story is briefly told, in *Nigeria since 1970*, by a student of politics and an economist.

The crucial political event has been the introduction of the new constitution, characterized by separation of powers on the American model, by the representation of all the States in the cabinet, and by the recognition of "the federal principle" in making other key appointments. Already there are demands for the extension of the principle of "mathematical equality" and for the creation of as many as fourteen additional States. Against this trend, the formal rule that political parties must be "genuinely national" is not likely to lessen ethnic rivalry. Probably we must await the opening of archives to learn why an American-style Presidency was chosen; it was simply as a rejection of Westminster? The difficulty of living with the give-and-take of checks and balances is one reason why, so many new states have adopted a one-party system, and the American type are likely to be at least as fragile, and even less well foreseen. The American Constitution did not lay down that Presidents must find allies in Congress; they

had to learn this by experience. Since this book went to press, Shugu Shagari is being accused of "bribery" to achieve a similar end, and Chief Awolowo complains that the electoral rules have been misinterpreted to his disadvantage. Nevertheless, the authors think that the new constitution is likely to be more durable than its predecessors.

On the economic side Nigeria is enjoying enormous windfall profits as the outcome of oil policies initiated elsewhere; these have financed a vast expansion in education but little in public health. Policy for agriculture, still the livelihood of two-thirds of the gainfully occupied, favours large-scale production and state control of marketing, although, as Rimmer points out, there is little evidence for economies of scale, and much evidence that the marketing boards fail to benefit the farmer.

Irrigation schemes are being pushed ahead, although a World Bank mission has reported that production could be increased equally well by the extension of rain-fed cultivation. A Green Revolution was proclaimed in 1980, but its prerequisites were lacking. There is one extension worker for every 2,500 farmers, and the official distribution of fertilizers is so inefficient that they sometimes do not arrive until it is too late for planting. However, the massive investments that have been made in road construction should have reduced transport costs. "It is as civil engineers", Rimmer writes, "rather than economic managers, that governments in Nigeria can best promote economic productivity".

Discussing the Nigerian National Petroleum Corporation, Rimmer refers to "the familiar Nigerian weakness that the operation of a parastatal body endowed with enormous resources and charged with vast responsibilities can strain intolerably

the competence, probity and power of co-ordination of those responsible for it". Indeed, the report of a local inquiry into the NNPC referred to a "glaring absence" of qualified staff and "a managerial structure stretched far beyond the limits of efficiency". However, the (joint?) conclusion is that "The course of Nigerian development may not have been such as to satisfy every taste, but no one can dispute that the country is moving last economically".

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